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# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly  
Review of Literature,  
Art & Life

Vol.  
XXXVI

May, 1900

No.  
5

## Women Illustrators

Illustrated

A Japanese View of a Book on Japan

Madame Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon"

With Sketch from Life by LOUIS BESNARD

The Celtic Drama

By WILLIAM ARCHER

Twenty Cents a Copy      Two Dollars a Year  
Published for  
**THE CRITIC COMPANY**  
By G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New Rochelle

New York

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# NEW FICTION

## The Angel of Clay

By **William Ordway Partridge**, author of "The Song Life of a Sculptor," etc., Lecturer on the Fine Arts in Columbian University, Washington, D. C. With illustrations by A. B. WENZELL. 16°, \$1.25.

From an artist we hope for a tale of the fascinating life of studios, and Mr. Partridge's book is not a disappointment. In this story we have the true artist, who is necessarily first the true man, splendidly portrayed. The novel is of absorbing interest, and is told with that exquisite charm and beauty of style which characterizes all of Mr. Partridge's literary work.

## The Things that Count

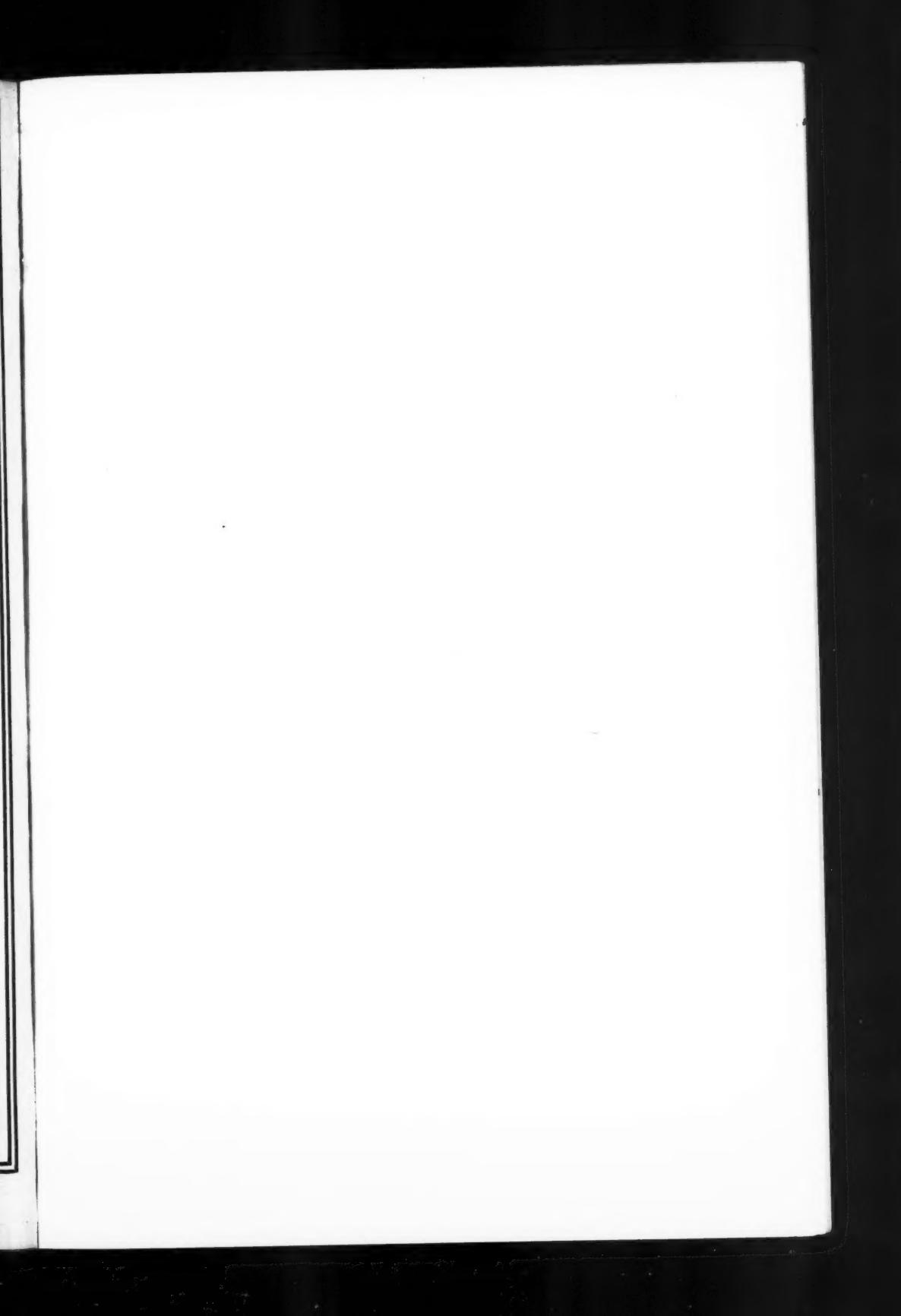
By **Elizabeth Knight Tompkins**, author of "Her Majesty," "An Unlessoned Girl," etc. No. 43 in the *Hudson Library*. 12°, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

In her well-known graphic style, Miss Tompkins has made a strong and vivid study of a character hitherto not delineated in American fiction. Her heroine is an indolent young woman of small means, who lives by visiting the houses of wealthy friends. The story of her regeneration through her affection for a man of strong character is cleverly told.

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,**

27 and 29 West 23d Street

NEW YORK.





MME. BERNHARDT, AS L'AIGLON  
From a water-color drawing made from life for THE CRITIC by Louis-Besnard

See page 398.

# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

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## The Lounger

MR. E. C. STEDMAN has kindly allowed me to use the following paragraph from his forthcoming "American Anthology," in which he alludes to the late Richard Hovey's last published volume, "Taliesin : A Masque," which appeared in *Poet-Lore* in 1899, and was ready in book form at the time of his death: "This work, cast in dramatic form, is not 'of the earth, earthy,' and may be thought open to the gloss made by Mary Shelley upon her husband's 'Witch of Atlas,' — as 'discarding human interest'; but it is sheer poetry or nothing, — the proof of an ear and a voice which it seems ill to have lost just at the moment of their completed training. Hovey, in fact, was slow to mature, and when stricken down showed more promise than at any time before. He thought very well of himself, not without reason, and felt that he had enjoyed his *Wanderjahr* to the full; and that the serious work of his life was straight before him. He was ridding himself in a measure of certain affectations that told against him and at last had a chance, with a university position, to utilize the fruits of a good deal of hard study and reflection,—while nearing some best field for the exercise of his specific gift. That his aim was high is shown even by his failures, and in his death there is no doubt that America has lost one of her best equipped lyrical and dramatic writers. This somewhat extended note may well be accorded to the dead singer, who, on the threshold of the new century that beckoned to him, was bidden to halt and abide with 'the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.' "



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Here is a picture of young Siegfried Wagner, who has already distinguished himself in the field where his father's gigantic shadow still lingers. A Berlin correspondent tells me that the young composer's "Bärenhäuter," which has been well received by the critical German public, is a semi-comic opera with many charming things in it. The scene of the first act is laid in Hell, with an old-fashioned devil stirring great caldrons of lost souls. Though not necessarily charming, this



From Jugend

"YOUNG SIEGFRIED"

## 28

may well be interesting; but I doubt very much if we ever hear "Bärenhäuter" at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Young Siegfried" scored an emphatic success as conductor at the Sunday concerts at the Paris Châtelet. He will come to America in 1902 under the joint management of Emil Dührer and Rudolph Aronson.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is now completing a novel entitled "Sons of the Morning," which will probably appear among Messrs. Putnam's Sons' autumn books. This is his second choice of a title, it having been for some time his intention to name the new story "The Last of

Her Line." The scene is again laid in that Dartmoor country which the author knows and loves so well. It has been said of Mr. Phillpotts that though he has lived for years in London, he knows Dartmoor better than the Strand.

Mr. Frederick E. Church, the well-known landscape painter, died on the 7th of April in this city. To the present generation of art lovers his name does not suggest much in the way of pictures, but to an older generation he was one of the best-known American painters, not so much because of the quality of his canvas as for the quantity of it. He painted enormous pictures, almost as large as their subjects. His "Heart of the Andes" and his "Niagara" and "Yosemite" were very famous in their day, but I doubt that if they were put up at auction now they would bring anything like their original price.

The other day when Mrs. Kendal addressed the graduating class of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School she said many things that were interesting and well worth saying. To Madame Yacco, who sat on the stage with impassive face, but who applauded whenever there was any applause going on, Mrs. Kendal alluded as a very great actress, and to prove that she meant what she said crossed the stage, bent gracefully over the little Japanese woman, and kissed her hand. I don't suppose that Madame Yacco knew what it was all about, but she probably understood that it was a compliment, as it certainly was, and a pretty one, too.

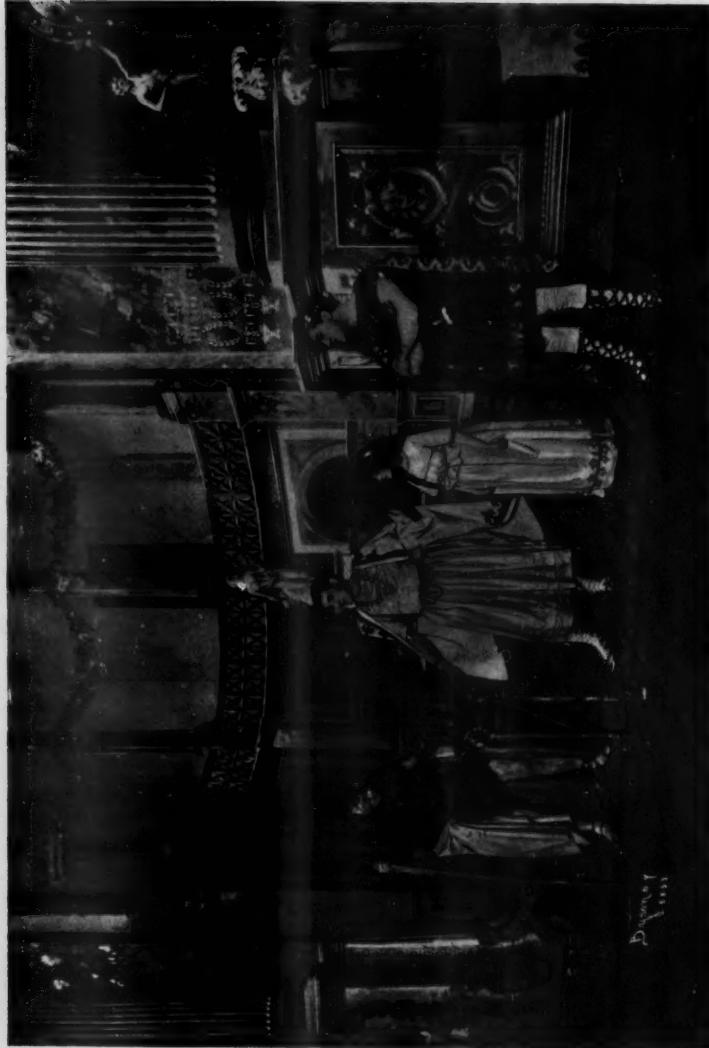
\* See Drama.



Photo by

Wimdeattes

MR. SOTHERN IN "THE SUNKEN BELL"\*



Copyright by Byron.

Chilo

Petronius

Vinicio

QUO VADIS

Scene from the authorized version, Herald Square Theatre, Act II, Scene I., in the House of Petronius

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the only authorized translator into English of Sienkiewicz's novels, is now abroad on a visit to that famous author. The sketch which is here reproduced was taken in the streets of Warsaw, and while it is not a very good likeness of Mr. Sienkiewicz it is quite good of Mr. Curtin. Mr. Sienkiewicz's relations with Mr. Curtin are closer than those of most authors with their translators. Mr. Curtin introduced Sienkiewicz to the English-speaking public. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. published "Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael" because they admired the books rather than because they thought that there was any great sale for them. They wanted to have their name connected with such literature. They had their pecuniary reward when "Quo Vadis" was published.

The accompanying picture represents a scene in the authorized dramatization of "Quo Vadis" as played at the Herald Square Theatre in this city. It is the first scene in the second act, and shows us Chilo brought by Eunice to the house of Petronius. Mr. E. J. Morgan represents the arbiter of elegance, while the soldier-lover Vinicius is represented by Mr. John Blair. It would not be becoming in me to do more than praise the acting of this play and the handsome manner in which it has been produced,—and this I can do with enthusiasm. The manager, Mr. D. H. Hunt, has lavished money and intelligence in giving the play every advantage in the way of cast and scenery. Miss Bijou Fernandez, who plays Lygia, has been most happily cast, and I am pleased to say has won the triumph of her life.



MR. JEREMIAH CURTIN AND MR. HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

From a snapshot taken in Poland

"Hiawatha" has been set to music by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, and was produced recently by the Royal Choral Society at Albert Hall, London. Now Longfellow's English admirers are wondering why this poem was not set to music before. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's work

is highly praised in the London papers for its "depth of emotional qualities."

Mr. Julian Ralph's new book, which is to be published immediately by F. A. Stokes Co., is entitled "Towards Pretoria." Mr. Ralph, by the way, is the special war correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, having succeeded the late G. W. Steevens in that capacity. This will be the first book on the Transvaal War by an American.



Copyright by

MR. JULIAN RALPH

F. A. Stokes Co.

Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens, the author of a popular book called "A Gentleman Player," has just brought out, through Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., a novel entitled "Philip Winwood," which is described by the author as "a sketch of the domestic history of an American captain in the War of Independence." The scene is laid in New York and London between the years 1763 and 1786. The book will be illustrated. The same firm will publish at once twelve new volumes of their "Court Memoirs Series," which completes the set of twenty volumes.

Mr. Frederic Bancroft, whose "Life of Seward" is meeting with so favorable a reception, is a native of Illinois, and received his college training at Amherst. After graduation he entered the School of Political Science at Columbia University, and in 1885 received the degree of Ph.D. Several years were then spent by Mr. Bancroft in study in Germany and France. At Freiburg he was a pupil of Professor von Holst, with whom he formed enduring ties of personal



Photo by Rice,

MR. FREDERIC BANCROFT

Washington

intimacy. On his return from abroad Mr. Bancroft became Librarian of the Department of State. At the same time he was called to lecture at Columbia, and he has since given courses repeatedly in that university, at Johns Hopkins, and at Chicago. He was never disposed, however, to accept any exacting university position. Before his return from abroad he had conceived the idea of the "Seward," and for its realization he carefully reserved his time and energy. The research to which he devoted himself involved the ferreting out and consultation of great stores of MS. material all over the country. Moreover, no living man whose relations with Seward could throw any light on the statesman's career escaped a personal visit from the biographer. It is interesting to know that the command acquired over the inner sources

of our history and politics is to be utilized in another work, already under headway, dealing with the career of the Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Bancroft is as far as possible from the Dryasdust type of scholar. He lives at the Metropolitan Club, Washington, D.C., and is well known in the more cultivated circles of society in that city. He is something of a *bon vivant*; can enjoy and can tell a good story, his own specialty being negro dialect; and is popular among the members of some of the foreign embassies. He is also often to be met in the "literary sets" of Boston, New York, and Chicago.

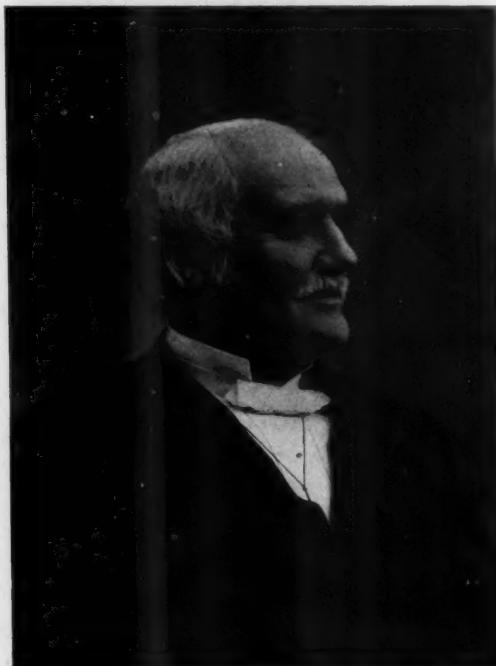


Photo by

COL. ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE

Gutekunst

Col. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, has just published his "Political Reminiscences" (Harper). For fifty years Colonel McClure has been in close touch with national politics, through personal friends who were presidential candidates. What he has to say is not only interesting, but new. He gives the history of all the famous political quarrels and their effects on different campaigns, including ex-President Cleveland's misunderstanding with the late Charles Dana. Colonel McClure has a tabulated statement of the way that the electoral vote has gone for the last fifty years. His book is illustrated by a number of portraits, among them those of Lincoln and Blaine.

Among the fall publications of Messrs. Putnam's Sons will be two companion volumes by Edward Robins, Jr., "Twelve Great Actors" and "Twelve Great Actresses." That Mr. Robins is fully competent to undertake this work is evinced by the success of his former book, "Echoes of the Play House." His position as dramatic critic is unquestioned, and a brief boyhood experience of his on the boards has grown into a life-long sympathy and love for all that pertains to the stage.



MR. STUART ROBSON AS "OLIVER GOLDSMITH" \*

These companion volumes, it is said, are the forerunners of a new series from the Putnam house—a series to include lives of men and women who have reached pre-eminence in various careers. Whether they will be classed by the dozen, as it were, is not yet definitely determined, but some such uniform scheme is probable. A suggested title is the "Top Round" series; which certainly conveys the substance of the idea.



The cover of "Joy," a volume of poems by Mrs. Danske Dandridge, just published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, was designed by the poet's daughter, Miss Violet Dandridge, who, her mother modestly says, "is beginning to be an artist."

\* See Drama

Probably no writer in this country knows more about tropical colonization than Mr. Alleyne Ireland. He has lived for the greater part of twelve years in the tropics, in the British colonies, India, Ceylon, Australia, the West Indies, and South America. Three years he was at sea. He has rounded all the capes. Three years he was overseer on sugar plantations, in Barbados, over negroes, in British Guiana, over four hundred indentured laborers. He has studied philosophy in the University of Berlin. For thirteen years his one



MR. ALLEYNE IRELAND

idea has been colonization, in its political, social, and economic aspects. He has written extensively for magazines and has lectured before various political and sociological organizations in this country. In his two books, "Tropical Colonization" and "The Anglo-Boer Conflict," Mr. Ireland employs his chosen method of impartially presenting facts in such a way that they may speak for themselves. In his latest book there are not twenty lines of personal opinion. The manner of his work makes its value, for he has annual reports from all the colonies, blue books, and a complete card catalogue. Mr. Ireland's father was Alexander Ireland, the friend and biographer of Emerson. His mother wrote "The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

The title of Mr. Kipling's forthcoming book is "Kim of the Rishti." It was written before he left America and has been rewritten more than once. It is not a novel of action, but rather analytical and philosophical. Just how it will lend itself to serial publication remains to be seen.



THE LATE E. J. PHELPS\*

The trouble in the affairs of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. can only be temporary. It would almost seem that their prosperity had been their undoing. That their trouble has smoothed itself out and that their business is well on its way again is a matter of congratulation not only to personal friends of the publishers, but to the book trade at large. There is no firm that has a higher standing than that of the Appletons. The number of letters that they have received since their affairs were made public has proved, as much as the tone of the press at large, the estimation in which they are held.



The artists employed by the daily press have formed themselves into a League and will give their first exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria, beginning May 14th.

\* See page 405.



A. Mendon Lith.

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT \*  
The original L'Aiglon. From a contemporary lithograph

\* See page 439

Mr. Booth Tarkington, who has made quite a success in the literary world by his book, "A Gentleman from Indiana," is the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," just issuing from the press of the S. S. McClure Co. Mr. Tarkington is an Indiana gentleman himself, but is a graduate of Princeton, and a classmate of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, who has just gone to Princeton to live. Mr. Williams says that Mr. Tarkington was one of the most popular men of his day in Princeton. Mr. Tarkington, as his picture shows, is still a very young man, and it is rather remarkable that his first venture into literature was a novel that obtained unusual popularity. Although he has been for some years engaged in journalistic work, Mr. Tarkington was exceedingly diffident about offering his first book to a publisher, and it long lay in his desk before he had the courage to do so. It was immediately accepted, and was published serially in *McClure's Magazine*. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is an entirely different story, in scene and point of time, yet the underlying motive in both is the same.



MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has been spending time lately lashing himself into a fury over the question, How can Mrs. Humphry Ward write good critical introductions to the Brontë novels when she herself has written only didactic novels? This is as much as to say, How can any one with critical power write criticisms? If Mrs. Ward's novels were purely objective, Mr. Hawthorne might have more reason for his question. The very fact that they are not wholly objective, but, rather, subjective, expressive of their author's personal ideas, makes it apparent that Mrs. Ward's forte lies rather in speculation than in fiction artistically constructed. In other words, to be didactic in fiction implies the critical attitude towards life. The artist pure and simple does not obtrude his own personality through reflections. He paints without comment. Mr. Hawthorne's own argument is the very weapon to destroy his position.

The *Criterion* has taken in new blood and turned itself from a weekly into a monthly magazine. Its editor, Mr. Albert White Vorse, was for a while connected with the house of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons as "literary adviser," which means reader of manuscripts and suggester of books. Mr. Vorse has surrounded himself with a staff of young men, and some who are not so young. He proposes to make a good literary magazine, though not one devoted exclusively to literature.

Miss Ellen Glasgow has the distinction of having written three successful novels which, by the way, includes her entire output to date.

The first two were published by Messrs. Harper, the third, "The Voice of the People," by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.



If Robert Louis Stevenson had lived, we are told by Mr. Gosse, he would have added to those critical essays of his one dealing with a little book written more than two centuries ago by William Penn. One of Stevenson's letters tells of how he picked up the little volume entitled "Some Fruits of Solitude" in San Francisco in 1879, and to Mr. Horatio F. Browne he wrote:

"If ever in all my human conduct I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified and wholesome book, I know that I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on, with a wrench, to another. My wife cries out, and my own heart misgives me, but still, here it is."

And again he says:

"There is not a man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put with so lovely a spirit so much honest, kind wisdom into words."

Now we are to have a dainty reprint (G. P. Putnam's Sons) based on the text of the edition of 1718, with the title-page of the first edition of 1693 reproduced in fac-simile in the introduction, which, by the way, is from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse, and with a photogravure portrait of Penn for a frontispiece.



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW

It may not be generally known that Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the escaped Thibetan traveller, was once a portrait-painter, who came to this country and painted about thirty portraits. He also did silver point work in London. His wanderings and art life began in Morocco at sixteen years of age. When asked recently how he happened to choose Thibet as a field of operations, he replied in Philadelphia accent, "Well, I got tired of going to balls and dinners, don't you know. Then I hate people that live in haouses."



"John Oliver Hobbes"—Mrs. Craigie—has written a new play for Mr. George Alexander called "The Wisdom of the Wise," a rather clever title, by the way, and one that suggests the quality of Mrs. Craigie's work. Mrs. Burton Harrison, I understand, has written a play which will be brought out next season. This will not be Mrs. Harrison's first appearance as a playwright, for she wrote a comedy called "A Russian Honeymoon," which was played at the Madison Square Theatre some time ago by amateurs, among them Mrs. James Brown-Potter who was just then feeling her way towards the professional stage. Mrs. Harrison also wrote a comedy for the lamented Felix Morris.



Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is going to be his own dramatist, and is now engaged on a stage version of "Red Rock," which is one of the popular novels of the day. It ought to make a popular play, but it will need a good deal of work before it can be adapted to stage purposes.



A dramatization of "David Harum," made by Mr. and Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, was produced by Mr. William H. Crane at Rochester early in the past month. The play met with the most emphatic success, and all of David's quaint expressions were received with applause. It is said that nearly every incident of any importance in the book has been reproduced in the play. Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock have done their work remarkably well. As far as I know it is their first appearance as dramatists.



The fever for dramatization is still spreading. One of the latest books to be chosen is Dr. James M. Ludlow's "Captain of the Janizaries," dealing with the days of Scanderbeg and the fall of Constantinople, and published fourteen years ago. The success of "Ben Hur" is responsible for this new venture. Mr. William F. Alden's opinion that Mr. George Moore might just as well have attempted to dramatize the multiplication table or the binomial theorem, as to illustrate by allegory the financial relations of England and Ireland, will probably prove to be a valuable suggestion to some embryo playwright.

With its issue of May 5th *Harper's Bazar* will take on a new form. It will then be the size of *St. Nicholas*, which is just a trifle larger than the ordinary magazine. The cover will be printed in a rich red known to colormen as "ox blood." Miss Jordan, the editor of the *Bazar*, has arranged an attractive program. Stephen Crane is to contribute a series of sketches in the life of "a real little girl," which Mr. Peter Newell will illustrate. Madame Marchesi, who is probably the most



famous teacher of singing in the world, is to write ten singing lessons for the benefit of the *Bazar* readers, while Mr. Howells will contribute a series on the "Heroines of Nineteenth-Century Fiction," which will be illustrated by some of the best-known American artists. His first paper to be published in the new issue will treat of the heroines in that classic eighteenth-century story, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and will be illustrated by Mr. H. C. Christy. Miss Jordan has a number of "features" in reserve which she expects to spring upon her readers from time to time.



Mr. R. H. Russell will publish the French as well as the English edition of "L'Aiglon." Mr. Charles Frohman, I understand, bought all rights in this drama and Mr. Russell arranged for its publication with him.

As this number of THE CRITIC goes to press, The Century Co. announces for publication before May 1st a new novel by Dr. William Barry, author of "The Two Standards" and "The New Antigone." Its title is "Arden Massiter," and it is a romance of the Italy of to-day—a story so brimful of incident and adventure that in the hands of any but an accomplished man-of-letters it would be merely a melodrama instead of a tragedy. Dr. Barry touches the most grawsome details with a delicacy that saves them from offensiveness without robbing them of their dramatic force. All grades of society and all shades of political and religious thought are unfolded in the course of the story, so deftly as to prepare the reader, previously unacquainted with the fact, to learn that the author is a Catholic priest, educated in part in Italy, and an eye-witness in his youth to such stirring scenes in Rome as he puts into the pages of his book. English critics predict a popular success for "Arden Massiter"—not because, but in spite, of its artistic quality.

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In view of the result of the Daly sale, the opinion of the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* that the library should have been sold in England shows to what lengths chagrin will carry a man. If many of the books were bought in England by an American, and rebought here by Americans at prices far in advance of English prices, it is only fair to suppose that Americans have some appreciation of valuable books. As a matter of fact, generous English bids sent to this country were overbid by Americans. Moreover, if one can believe recent literary letters from England, that country is more interested in reading the latest war news than in buying expensive books from an American's private library. Of course the trade must be regretful that English booksellers were not enriched by the £10,000 which would probably have been divided among them; on the other hand, the executors of the Daly estate are to be congratulated on receiving more than sixty per cent. of the total proceeds of the sale, owing to the absence of the "knock-out" system. The most sanguine English prophet estimated that the library would bring \$150,000 at best. It brought \$166,000.

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Still another fact was shown by this sale. The newspapers, in their daily reports, laid emphasis on the decline in popular favor of extra-illustration, as evidenced by the low prices brought by Ireland's "History of the New York Stage" and by the Douai Bible. This conclusion is very far wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, those two books were the result of Mr. Daly's personal interest, which led him to put newspaper clippings, dollar photographs, and woodcuts by the side of a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar print or an original Raphael drawing. Bibliophiles do not care for such idiosyncrasies. They are not collecting scrap-books.

In proportion to their size, the most extravagant price paid during the whole sale was given for Charles and Mary Lamb's "Poetry for Children" (London, 1809), two little 16mo books in the original boards. A prominent book-collector asked just before their sale, "Would you be surprised if these books brought \$500 apiece?" I said that I certainly should, as Mr. Daly paid only \$300 apiece for them. They went for \$220. And it is rumored that the buyer is looking in vain for a purchaser.



Another rumor is that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the owner of the Thackeray correspondence, the original title-deeds to Nell Gwynn's house in Pall Mall (\$1100), and the original manuscript of "The School for Scandal" (\$1750). Mr. Morgan has also recently acquired the plums of Mr. Theodore Irwin's library in Oswego. Mr. Irwin has finally sold



his library, in accordance with a plan that he has had for a number of years, to dispose of it during his lifetime. Those who know his tastes say that he will undoubtedly begin to collect another one without loss of time.



It would seem to be an achievement of no small magnitude at this end of the century to contribute to the enormous and heterogeneous mass of Shakesperiana already in existence anything of permanent value, or even anything that is new. This, however, we believe has been accomplished by Mr. Parke Godwin in his forthcoming volume entitled "A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare" (Messrs. Putnam's Sons). Professor Goldwin Smith says of the sonnets, "They are a mystery which will never be solved." Mr. Parke Godwin will have the last word, and I await it with interest.



## Hon. E. J. Phelps, as Seen in his Letters

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

WHEN a man has been long and prominently before the public the record of most of his virtues and accomplishments becomes the common property of the reading world. But it now and then happens, in the case of a genius of the versatile order, that the particular gifts which bring popular recognition and fame may overshadow other gifts so exceptionally good that in another less versatile man they, alone, would have won him distinction.

A great deal will justly be said and written about Mr. Phelps's keenness as a lawyer, his tact as a diplomat, his wit and grace as an after-dinner speaker, his popularity as a professor, and his unfailing kindness and courtesy as a gentleman in the every-day walks of life. But it is not, perhaps, so generally well known, though it might easily have been inferred, that Mr. Phelps, as a master of epistolary art, was hardly less gifted and original than his ministerial predecessor, Lowell.

It has been the privilege of the present writer to examine a few of the letters which Mr. Phelps wrote to a college classmate \* (whom he survived two years) in a correspondence carried on with remarkable regularity for over fifty years, covering a wide range of subjects,—social, religious, political, and literary. Some of the most pathetic and some of the most humorous of these letters had to be burned as they treated of confidential matters or discussed public characters and events with a frankness that was intended for a *tête-à-tête* only. In the extracts here given no privacies have been touched, but enough is given to illustrate the writer's facile style, his poetic temperament, his hospitality, and some of the other warm, hearthstone qualities of his nature.

The first extract, which follows, is from a letter written in 1868:

"BURLINGTON, VT.

" MY DEAR SHERMAN:

" I wish you were sitting on the other side of my fire to-night. It is raining hard and blowing as 't would blow its last. There is no fear of any d—d good-natured friend dropping in with his head full of politics and the price of stocks, and no temptation to go abroad. We would talk ten volumes of the Congressional Record full before morning, though God forbid any of it should be such unutterable trash. And we'd gather in all the ghosts of old times, and galvanize them into transient life again. We'd travel to Lake George again on foot and row home again—(by moonlight that is no longer possible)—such blue-eyed girls as shall never exist any more. Coate's wife should cook trout for us as they shall only be cooked in the millennium, to be eaten with the appetite of Paradise.

\* E. W. Sherman.

" Days of my vanished youth! I 'd freely give,  
     Ere my life's close,  
     All the dull days I 'm destined yet to live  
         For one of those.  
     Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,  
         Joys that befell,  
     And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt  
         In attic cell ? "

" My idea of heaven, my dear fellow, is not to sit on damp clouds, in insufficient raiment, playing on three-stringed harps that could not possibly go, nor yet to enjoy an eternal Presbyterian Sabbath, whereof the little boy affirmed that he '*should like to go down to hell Saturday afternoons and play*,' but that our lost and vanished youth that has so stolen away should on that other shore 'bid us Good-morning.'

" But a truce to theology or there 'll be something to pay presently. That subject always culminates in a subscription paper, which to an impecunious devil like me has worse terrors than Banquo's ghost.

" I am very glad to have obtained from you even a promise, indefinite as to time, to come and see me. I shall reckon upon its fulfilment, the sooner the better.

" Let me hear from you without waiting as long as I have, and believe me ever and always yours,

" E. J. PHELPS."

" FIRE ISLAND, Aug. 22, 1879.

" MY DEAR SHERMAN:

" It is ever so long since I heard from you, though I believe I wrote you last.

" I came here for sea bathing, which generally sets me up but has not had that effect so far. I wish you were here with me by the side of the many-voiced sea, glorious with an eternal glory, morning and evening, forever. We should discourse of many things.

" The place is called Fire Island because it is not an island and has not a stick on it with which a fire could be made, and never had. The air is invigorating, the bathing fine, the house crowded, and the fare meagre. The American is a gregarious animal and will submit to much to be in a crowd. His mode of amusing himself is melancholy in the extreme and I do not at all blame him for rejoicing when it is over and fashion and his wife allow him to resume making money.

When I get a chance I am going to send you a book which may not have fallen your way, as the second volume is but just out,—Kinglake's 'History of the Crimean War,' the most delightful piece of history I ever met,—more graphic than a novel, finer than a poem, high tory to the backbone, with passages to make a big man weep, though with no effort at fine writing. You would thoroughly enjoy it and lay it away to be read again. . . . If you can read the above and foregoing you can read anything. But if you were no stronger than I am, and had such a d—d watering-place pen, you would write worse maybe.

" Pray let me hear from you, and especially and particularly when I get home come and see me. I want to see you much.

" Always yours,

" E. J. PHELPS."

" HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS, March 26, 1893.

" MY DEAR SHERMAN:

" Yours of March 2 followed me here, being one steamer behind me. I need not say how glad I was to get it.

" I am glad to hear that —— is still on earth. I supposed he had gone to his reward long ago. I hope the 'lesser' ——, whose departure you announce, is now a greater —— in a better world.

" The weather is charming and Paris as bright and gay as ever. Nowhere are the creature comforts so well attended to.

" The Arbitration convened with great formality and ceremony last Thursday. The French are doing the hospitalities very handsomely. We have superb rooms for the sittings in the Palais de Justice, with a perpetual free lunch of great elegance.

" The Minister of Foreign Affairs received us with a very graceful speech. We were then conducted in state carriages to the house of the President of the Republic. [Here follows a technical and almost undecipherable account of the arbitration program.] Pray write me. Letters are doubly and trebly grateful over here away from home and friends. The night before sailing I was up very late writing letters, one of which I had intended as a farewell to you, but I had to give up exhausted before I reached it. Office-seekers and other [bores] always displace friends in the matter of correspondence. Otherwise our letters would have crossed on the sea.

" I do not permit myself to anticipate what the world will be like after the Behring Sea case is finished. It is like the bottomless pit, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth forever.

" Yours always,

" E. J. PHELPS."

In the perfect naturalness, frankness, and in many of the humorous and whimsical passages of Mr. Phelps's letters there is a strong resemblance to some of the recently published letters of Stevenson. Witness this paragraph from a letter written in the seventies:

" Some contact with —— —— has led me to think it is high time something was said in behalf of the respondent in the case of *Guy Fawkes*. That poor devil has been universally condemned without question, hearing or benefit of clergy. But if some historian were now to rise up in his vindication, as Froude did for Henry the Eighth, and set forth the justification which in the light of more recent history it may be conceived he *might* have had, it would probably turn out that, in the language of —— ——, there was 'a chance for a pretty d—d smart trial.'"

The following letter, written in '68, has, near its close, several very Lowellesque touches:

" BURLINGTON, VT., —— 26, 1868.

" MY DEAR SHERMAN:

" Your very welcome and characteristic letter was fully appreciated. I do not see that you have grown old much since college days, and I fear that, like myself, you have not grown much better. There seems to be a smack of the old disbelief in shams and humbugs, which I hope we may both thank God we have brought safe through the battle thus far whatever else we may have left behind.

" ' There 's naught on earth that Time can bring,  
Like what it takes away,'

says the poet, and the most priceless jewel he steals from us generally is the hearty and outspoken repudiation of wrong and outrage, irrepressible in youth, but too often sold for a mess of policy by the man.

" But it is no use bestowing my illegibility upon you in this way. What I particularly and most especially desire is to see you face to face. All the special demurrs and pleas in abatement you interpose to my proposal that you should come and see me are overruled. Judgment is entered against you. This I insist upon. In all other things I am plastic as wax. So come you must and without further debate.

" Not in this month, however, while Boreas and the god of mud are having such an infernal quarrel for the mastery that there is no peace in the neighborhood. Nor yet in the next, when the County Court and its jargon are in full blast, and when I am momentarily liable to be whisked off to New York. But in May, month of the poets, who shall harangue the landscape to their hearts' content, so they will let sensible men make themselves comfortable over a good fire and a glass of something hot meanwhile,—the best use May can be put to in this climate.

" Seriously, May is quite a clear month with me, and I shall be at home and at leisure. You can do at my house just what you please in every respect and particular, as you will soon find out. Various pleasant things will be available if we like. You shall see some nice people or be left severely alone, as you prefer. But I assure you I should enjoy nothing more than a few days of old-time foregathering and wandering. We can not only talk over the past but arrange for the future some pleasant meetings 'by flood and fell.' I am a sworn moss-trooper still, and never allow business to interfere with hunting. And I am as ready now as in college days for any good thing out-of-doors.

" Sit down then when you get this, *dum fervet opus*, and write me your acceptance of this proposal, naming your own time. Any letter to the contrary will be returned unopened.

" So doing, haply you shall hereafter see, towards the close of some summer day—as it were in the beginning of one of James's novels—'a solitary horseman,' mounted on a gray Virginian steed, and with an indescribable air of nothing in particular about him, wending his way to your door and meeting any chance proposition touching a glass of rye whisky with a prompt affirmative.

" But if I go near your borders, till you first come down out of your eyrie and see me, may God do so to me, and more also.

" Let me hear from you, my dear fellow, as soon as possible.

" And believe me ever

" Always yours,

" E. J. PHELPS."

It will be noted that Mr. Phelps, like Lowell and Stevenson, occasionally made use of those forcible biblical terms commonly considered the exclusive and sanctified property of the pulpit in its most objurgatory moods. On the other hand, wherever, in Mr. Phelps's letters, a topic required delicate, tender or reverent allusion, there was always manifest the most sensitive discrimination between "the little less and the little more" that are "such worlds away" in the province of rhetoric.

In these querulous days, when the pessimist walks to and fro upon the earth declaring that nothing is as good as it used to be and that friendship and letter-writing, especially, are lost arts, one is thankful for yet another confutation of such charges. If the facts were known there probably would be abundant proof to show that more good letters, letters of infinite variety both in subject and style of treatment, have been written within the last forty years than in any other forty years known to the civilized world. Very obviously, however, the finest kind of letters can never and should never be published; for the same qualities in the receivers of such letters which evoked them would almost inevitably shield them from publicity in the honorable rites of cremation.

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### At the Hyla's Call

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE things the sun and the south wind do  
When the green o' the year is peeping through,  
And Joy is abroad, and the dancing hours  
Know only the clocks of the leaves and flowers!  
When the squirrel-cups are brimming with rain,  
When blackbirds are come and the needly grain;  
When the shy arbutus awakes on the hill,  
And the ribbon-snake slips from his chamber chill,  
From the dream-room down in his gloomy house,  
To the nest of the bird and the nest of the mouse;  
In the thick of the meadow and greenwood smells,  
Of the minstrelsy by the willowed wells;  
By the brook, and the bridge of lichenized log,  
With the spotty trout and the freckled frog;  
By the upland branches the rabbit knows  
Ere the great sun comes, when the great sun goes;  
Along warm walls where ivies bind  
And braid the sunshine and weave the wind,—  
It 's to rouse, and follow the hyla's call,  
To seek in the grass where soft rains fall,  
To look overhead while the clouds push by,  
Look under the grays on the naked sky;  
It 's to walk with the wind where the mists are rolled,  
To cross on the moss where the shadows fold;  
It 's to follow him with the locks love-curled,  
To wander with Joy to the end of the world.



## The Evolution of Naturalism

M. BRUNETIÈRE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, whom some one has called "the only surviving exponent of scientific criticism," has an article on "European Literature in the Nineteenth Century," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Dec. 1st, which is to form one chapter of a work that Goupil will soon publish. He apologizes for the little space allowed to Germany in this study, explaining that, since Goethe and Schiller, Germany's greatest writers have been philosophers and historians, and these forms of literary work are not within the scope of his article.

Of the importance of this century in literature, he says: "If we should judge of it . . . only by the abundance and diversity of its production, no other one surely could rival it. If, on the contrary, we should take into account the quality of the work solely, it would still bear comparison with the most famous centuries, and neither the France of Louis XIV., the England of Elizabeth, the Italy of the Medicis, the Rome of Augustus, nor the Athens of Pericles, has known greater poets than Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Shelley, Lamartine, and Hugo. There have, perhaps, been more perfect or more classical ones, more worthy, possibly, to serve eternally as models; but they have not known greater ones."

No one, perhaps—certainly no Frenchman—is better qualified to speak on this subject than M. Brunetière; but in his appreciation of the enormous amount of literature this century has produced, and of the splendid quality of the work, he goes a little too far in claiming for it the greatest poets. Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante surely hold the foremost places, and while, perhaps, some of the other great poets of bygone centuries are not as much read or thought of as those of our own times, who knows whether the moderns will stand the test of centuries, as have the Greek masters, Virgil, and in later times Spenser and Milton?

"Since the earliest Renaissance," says M. Brunetière, "no century has seen such a radical change in literary work; in its object, destination, and, consequently, the means of attaining it." He then shows how the classic ideals gradually, and in spite of lively resistance, strongest in England and Holland, had enveloped all Europe, so that on the eve of the French Revolution, from London to St. Petersburg, where Russian literature was just emerging from infancy, from Paris to Naples, there was but one idea of the object and the function of literature. France was the first to shake off the yoke. "Two French books gave the signal—'La Littérature,' of Mme. de Staël, and 'Le Génie du Christianisme,' of Chateaubriand. To the pagan ideal, from which the writers of the classic age had systematically drawn their inspiration—as had the actors in the revolutionary drama, Camille Desmoulins or St. Just,—the second of these two books opposed the

Christian ideal; and to the Greek and Latin models, without slighting their grandeur and perfection, the first proposed to join, henceforth, if not to substitute for them, the masters of the 'Northern literature.' "

M. Brunetière then traces the progress of the reaction until, in spite of opposition, it affected all branches of literature. The entire thought of the eighteenth century was questioned, and all over Europe, the reaction being philosophical as well as literary, the Romantic movement was concurrent with a return to the religious idea. A reaction directed against the thought of the eighteenth century could hardly fail to reach the poetic or aesthetic feeling of the preceding one, and all Europe, except Italy, was bent on resisting French influence, with the result that English influence profited thereby.

" The importance that we here give to English influence is commonly attributed to German; and the 'Coppet school,'—Mme. de Staël herself, and afterwards her book '*L'Allemagne*',—Benjamin Constant, the Schlegels, and Fauriel, in his early works, have left no stone unturned to spread and accredit the idea. One might say, on the other hand, that English or German, they are all of the same family, and in a certain sense the reaction against classicism appears in history as a revenge of the German genius on the Latin. We think so, too, and it is not for the critic, after a century and a half, to contend with Lessing to belittle the genius of Goethe or Schiller, or to contest the influence of Kant; but one must take account of epochs, and in doing so will see the interest of the distinction. Kant, Goethe, and Lessing were not known outside of Germany — in fact, they were hardly born — when English influence began to make itself felt in France."

Voltaire, after introducing Shakespeare to the French, saw in the freedom of the Shakespearian drama a menace to the stiff and learned French tragedy. And the proof of his perspicacity is found in the fact that the author of the "*Dramaturgie de Hambourg*" used Shakespeare at once against Voltaire, Corneille, and Racine. M. Brunetière dwells on the fact that the origin of German literature is neither Swiss nor Suabian, but English, and that, with one or two exceptions—such, for instance, as the taste for metaphysical speculation,—all the traits usually assigned to German intellect or genius were English before becoming German. He says that the English were the first to seek inspiration from their own ancient traditions, instead of flying for it to ancient Greece and Rome. They are in the history of modern literature the "first poets of nature," as the Dutch were its first painters. Their poetry was the first to draw inspiration from the incidents of contemporary life, and two Englishmen, Richardson and Fielding, supplanted the "universal" man of the classic period, and the Renaissance, by an individual man, who represented only himself, or the man of his village and his generation. In Addison and Steele we first see literature combined with an active life, and whilst everywhere else, even in Rousseau's "*Emile*" or "*Heloise*," literature was treated only as an ornament and pleasure, the English, through Wordsworth, Shelley,

Byron, and Keats, permitted the writer to picture himself alone, without regard to the feelings of others; to express the reasons, good or bad, but his own entirely, that he had for differing, and separating himself, from others. "In comparison with so many innovations, where and what are those that we owe to German influence?"

Romanticism has been variously defined, but whatever its most essential traits, and however they may be called, they are resolved into two: first, opposition to the classical ideal, and finally the emancipation of the "ego" of the writer. This latter is the most characteristic English trait. Wordsworth says somewhere, "I am nothing if I am not a master, a professor, a *teacher*"; but he might equally have said, "If I am not myself, I am nothing." What is most important is not the truth of what the poet says, nor its beauty, nor its usefulness, but its originality; and the originality is what he puts of himself in his work; and if what he puts of himself resembles no one, then he is truly a poet. Montaigne says that he studies himself perpetually, "*je me roule en moi-même*," and the proof that this is contrary to the classical idea is found in Pascal's remark on Montaigne, "What a foolish idea of his to depict himself."

That this literary reaction did not take place without struggles and violence, M. Brunetière shows when tracing its progress between the years 1830 and 1840. There were certain rules and regulations outside of which no literary beauty was admitted, and of which certain grammarians and rhetoricians, such as Gottsched and Népomucène Lemercier, constituted themselves inflexible and vigilant gendarmes. A finished tragedy had to answer to twenty-six conditions, not one more or less; and in proportion as it answered only to twenty-five or twenty-four, it descended one or two degrees in the judge's estimation. The surest as well as the gentlest means of deliverance from this tyranny was found in the emancipation of the personality of the writer, and to those who administered literature as they would public works, the poet replied by retiring into his own consciousness.

M. Brunetière goes on to say that while the revelation of the ego is necessary in certain classes of literature, such, for instance, as confessions or memoirs, there are other forms of literary expression which will not long endure it, such as fiction, and others, the drama and history, where it is not possible at all.

"The romanticist must not be slow in perceiving this, and to see still more promptly that this proud isolation of a writer or a poet, if it was possible formerly, in long bygone days, is no longer so in the conditions of modern and contemporary life. A grand seigneur like Byron, or the pensionary of a principality like Goethe, could well, nowadays, sustain this haughty attitude; or, at the other end of the social ladder, it might be permitted in a Burns, a Shelley, or a Verlaine, if, however, they did not die of having persisted in it. But most writers!"

Romanticism had, therefore, in its turn, to give way to naturalism. As the century advanced in years, tendencies became more and more democratic; it was recognized that something existed outside of

ourselves, and between 1840 and 1850, naturalism, "the submission of the writer or the artist to his subject," began its reign. Naturalism is the representation of nature, and to learn to see nature, our first care must be to forget ourselves. Favored by circumstances, by the check, in 1848, to the romantic policy, as we can call it, by philosophers, critics, and romancers, and received even by poets such as Gautier or Leconte de Lisle, these ideas could not fail sooner or later to triumph over the exhausted romantic ideals. But as they had not in each case been accepted for the same reasons, there was from the beginning a division among the naturalists, particularly in France, where progress was arrested, for a time, by those whose doctrine was, "art for art's sake." This theory, though an artistic one, is allied to naturalism, and the two support each other mutually, and those who pretend that these words, "art for art's sake," are devoid of sense, would do better, perhaps, to take the lesson they teach to themselves. The theory has not, perhaps, the same value in literature as in painting, if literature is something more than the art of imitation, but the great service it rendered, even to literature, between 1850 and 1870, was to recall artists to the feeling of the power and the virtue of form.

The unfortunate part of it was, that in making of art a sort of "priesthood," it returned to romanticism, and restored to the artist or the poet what naturalism had deprived him of, and even allowed him to take a more haughty attitude towards the public, or the "crowd," and withdraw to an even wilder solitude. Of the difference in degree that the romanticists, and before them the classicists, made between the crowd and the élite,—a sufficiently numerous élite,—the theorists of art for art's sake claimed to make a difference in nature or species, and admitted none but themselves to form this élite. "If they sometimes consented to descend from their clouds, to inform themselves of what was going on among men, it was only to show an Olympian scorn of those who were interested in anything in the world but grinding colors, or harmonizing phrases. They prided themselves on not being understood, and found, in the cold or indifferent reception that was given to their works, a reason for persevering in their errors, even for augmenting them." And in proportion as they made all of art consist in an application of an arbitrary and conventional rhetoric, they became strangers to the life of their time, and when one cuts the communications of art with life, one exposes oneself, or rather art, to the just reproach of immorality. On this subject what M. Brunetière has to say is sure to be interesting, especially to those who remember his remarks on Zola, which created so much feeling in France, being written before Zola's famous "*J'accuse*" letter, that caused him to be execrated by most of his fellow-countrymen.

"Without entering," he says, "on the difficult question of the relation of art to morals, we must, however, declare that the great error of the theorists, art for art's sake, has been the desire to separate art from morals, more than from life even. Their authority, on this point,

is the example of nature, which does not care about morals, they say.

They forget that, if we are not the masters of nature, all our dignity, as men, does not consist in emancipating ourselves from the tyranny of her laws, and it is then inadmissible that the object of art should be to pledge us to it. . . . To wish to make an abstraction of morality in the representation of life, is to mutilate the model that one proposes to imitate, and to mutilate it arbitrarily. It is most regrettable for them,—and more so for us Frenchmen,—that our naturalists, generally, have not understood this."

But if the French did not understand this, the English did, and once more the direction of the literary current set towards England, with Dickens, George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Carlyle, Stuart Mill, and Ruskin, who, M. Brunetière says, has most influenced contemporary English thought. Then, in a few years, Russian romance, in Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, made its triumphant entry into European literature. "Certainly, Ivan Tourguéneff was also a Russian novelist, but I do not know why it always seems that in settling among us he became a French romancer. Nothing is less true. He did not cease to be a son of his race. But fortune has its caprices, and while Russians may prefer Tourguéneff to Tolstoy, and Gogol or Poushkin to either, the fact still remains that by Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky the Slav soul came into communication with European literature. The same must be said of the 'Scandinavian soul.' 'Ghosts,' 'A Doll's House,' and the 'Wild Duck,' revealed it to Europe with the name of Henrik Ibsen. And, thanks to all of them, particularly to the latter, it seems that literature is at present freed from the bonds in which it was held by the theory of art for art's sake."

M. Brunetière, speaking of the means employed to excite pity, indignation, or anger, and often abused by Dickens and Dostoyevsky, says: "Never will 'Iphigénie en Aulide Immolée' cause as many tears to be shed as has 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but is Harriet [whom he calls Henriette] Beecher Stowe's book a novel? Is it even literature? If the French naturalists have made the mistake of excluding morality from the representation of life, the English, Russians, and Scandinavians have often confused the idea of art with that of utility. . . . The useful and the beautiful are not incompatible, but one must take care not to confuse them; and, above all, one must not think that one dispenses with the other, or that a work is moral enough if it is beautiful, or sufficiently beautiful provided it is moral. May we add that, of these two errors, if one is less grave and dangerous than the other, it is assuredly the second? We know that, after long hesitation, . . . Taine finished by coming to this conclusion. The degree of beneficence that works expressed became for him the judge, the criterion, of their artistic value. And if we refer to it here, it is not because we entirely share his opinion in this matter, but because his example is not the least illustration of the reality of the movement which we have just tried to describe."

## An Old Friend in a New Dress

BY CAROLYN SHIPMAN

To those of us brought up on "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" there will ever be but one edition of the "Life,"—the little green and gold English volume, uniform with Thackeray's "English Humorists." It was that book which first pictured to us "the four tough, steep, scrambling miles" between Keighley and Haworth, the stone factories, the dull-colored rows of stone cottages, the poor, hungry-looking fields, the stone fences everywhere, the trees nowhere. That book showed us the steep, narrow street of Haworth, so steep that the flagstones with which it is paved are placed endways, that the horses' feet may have something to cling to; the church and the Black Bull at the left; the lane leading to the sexton's, the schoolhouse, the parsonage, and the moors beyond.

Now, to make the picture more complete for another generation of readers, comes the Haworth edition of the "Life" (Harper), edited and brought up to date by Mr. Clement Shorter. The leaders in Mrs. Gaskell's quotations from various letters are here supplemented by footnotes giving the omissions, so that, with the new material in this book, Miss Brontë's letters are now mainly contained in this biography and in "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle." A number of them, hitherto unpublished, and now printed through the courtesy of Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., show a humorous side of her nature which correspondence with her publishers appeared to call out. Even Mr. Shorter's great fidelity to his editorial trust sometimes fails to make clear at a first glance what letters have already been published in his book on Miss Brontë. He should allow his readers to take nothing for granted in such a matter. Better omit the conscientious note which tells that Rousseau published "Émile" in 1762 and that Thomas Day published "The History of Sandford and Merton" in 1783-89. Even the information that Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is Thackeray's daughter might be exchanged for the tabulated certainty that such and such a letter has already appeared in print. With that certainty there would not be the necessity for constant reference to "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" to verify suspicions.

In the matter of arrangement Mr. Shorter must have been puzzled. His material was so extensive that he might almost have put the letters into an appendix, and so avoided the inconvenience to the reader of taking in three lines of text, and notes down the rest of the page, on four pages all at once. But the appendix plan has its disadvantages. Probably Mr. Shorter's way is the best that could be devised.

The famous story of Mr. Brontë's destruction of his wife's silk dress is here settled. Nancy Garrs settled it. If servants do not know the private character of their masters, who does? Mr. Brontë did not tear that dress into shreds. He merely ripped out the balloon sleeves. Moreover, it was a buff print dress. And the next time he

went to Keighley he bought his wife a new silk gown—the climax of the tragedy.

At least two interesting things are brought to light by the additional material in this book,—Miss Brontë's letter to Mary Taylor (hitherto unpublished), describing how she and Anne went up to London to see her publisher, and the novelist's clear-headed judgment in criticism of herself as well as of others.

Mrs. Gaskell gives an artistic paraphrase of that first London visit, but Charlotte's own words put the scene with twice the vividness. She writes that they went to the Chapter Coffee-house, washed themselves, had some breakfast, *sat a few minutes*, and then set off in queer inward excitement to 65 Cornhill. How characteristic those last two clauses are of a woman who could not go on with conversation if a chair was out of its place, and to whom paying visits with the Kay-Shuttleworths would have been like walking among red-hot ploughshares!

This is the scene, as Charlotte describes it: "We found 65 to be a large bookseller's shop, in a street almost as bustling as the Strand. We went in, walked up to the counter. There were a great many young men and lads here and there. I said to the first I could accost, 'May I see Mr. Smith?' He hesitated, looked a little surprised. We sat down and waited a while, looking at some books on the counter, publications of theirs well known to us, of many of which they had sent us copies as presents. At last we were shown up to Mr. Smith. 'Is it Mr. Smith?' I said, looking up through my spectacles at a tall young man. 'It is.' I then put his own letter into his hand, directed to Currer Bell. He looked at it and then at me again. 'Where did you get this?' he said. I laughed at his perplexity; a recognition took place. I gave my real name—Miss Brontë." The remainder of the long letter is as interesting as this portion.

Much as she admired Thackeray, she deplored his vinegar and gall, his condonation of the faults of his idol, Fielding, and his undue love of the purple, as shown by his readiness to defer a lecture because certain duchesses and marchionesses would have missed it by attending the Ascot Races. Her "inward fire" never consumed her literary judgment, even of friends.

Life in that lonely northern parsonage appears to have developed a sturdiness of character, an emotional independence, which comes out in her letters in strong contrast to the dependence of George Eliot, for instance. Charlotte Brontë was one of those rare women who can hear the truth unflinchingly. She once wrote to Miss Martineau: "I wince under the pain of condemnation, like any other weak structure of flesh and blood; but I love, I honor, I kneel to truth. Let her smite me on the one cheek—good! the tears may spring to the eyes; but courage! there is the other side; hit again right sharply." A woman that can say such a thing and live up to it, as Charlotte Brontë most certainly did, will always be a strong personality through her letters, irrespective of what she accomplished in fiction.

## Representative American Women Illustrators:

### The Child Interpreters

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG

REMEMBERING all the apothegms and all the apostrophes which the wit and unreason of man have directed against woman in the abstract, it seems like putting up a target for further shafts by classifying such an art as that of illustrating by a title which designates a dignified portion of its workers as "Women Illustrators." It has a lurking suggestion in it as if there were a disposition to separate the sheep from



MRS. MAUD HUMPHREY BOGART  
From a sketch by herself

the goats, or to divide an art by a question of suffrage. Perhaps the title, standing for the classification, is an involuntary protest against the reminiscent tradition of the uselessness of woman in the greater thought and the larger work of the world; for it cannot be denied that she has been regarded somewhat as the disease of civilization, much in the same manner that the pearl is said to be the disease of the oyster, —and held as a precious bauble of inutility.

It may be said of her, however, that she is living down that cry, with others; and in no one direction more than in that of art. To-day the woman illustrator shares with man the appreciation of the art

editor, and beyond that verdict there can be no reasonable appeal. Indeed, many publishers hold that certain qualities of pictorial interpretation are distinctly the faculty of woman's delicacy and insight to

portray, and especially is this true of the studies and compositions depicting child life.

One of the first conspicuous workers in this field was Maud Humphrey, whose peculiar felicity in expressing infantile graces and characteristics of the juvenile world has identified each individual child of her pencil and brush as "one of Maud Humphrey's babies." As a child, Miss Humphrey loved to draw animals, and cherished the hope that she would be a second Rosa Bonheur; but after she had left her home in Rochester, New York, to become a student at



STUDY OF CHILD  
By Maud Humphrey

the Art League in New York, her particular tendency toward child characterization became developed; it was always the child studies and pictures that seemed happiest in expressing her art. After a short term at the League, she went to Paris and studied at the Julian Studios under Dupré, and privately under other masters. Here, also, her special talent identified her with the little ones, and she was given several orders for portraits of Parisian children. Upon her return to this country, she executed Christmas cards and studies for Prang and other publishers. Her association with the Frederick A. Stokes Co., who now control the right of reproducing her water-color work, came about through a picture that she had given a friend who framed and hung it in the company's store. The firm at once recognized the commercial value of her method and sent for the young artist, giving her a child's book to illustrate. That order was the beginning of a large amount of work that she has executed for them—calendars, studies, cards, and books,—the book illustrated by Maud Humphrey being a yearly feature of their business. One of the best and latest of these is "Sleepy-Time Stories," by Maud Ballington Booth, with an introduction by Senator

Depew. In making the models for this book,—a product of the Knickerbocker Press,—Miss Humphrey took the boy model to the country with her, and she also procured a little lamb as one of the accessories—a living one. These illustrations are in the best spirit of Miss Humphrey's work. The themes for child literature are no longer the Mother Goose and kindred staples that generations have conned and lisped; for the young now share the contemporary demand of their elders for timely topics and events. While the magazines have had their Spanish and Philippine war series, there has been a mimic warfare in Babyland literature. Miss Humphreys has pictured in child play the heroes and dramatic events and episodes of the recent war of this country, her sister, Miss Mabel Humphrey, furnishing the text. There have been two of these miniature battle books, both issued by the Stokes Company.

Miss Humphrey has also been a contributor to the children's periodicals connected with the house of Harper and The Century Co., but finding that her favorite medium—that of color—paid better, she has devoted most of her efforts to the color work. In addition to her illustrations for books, she does portraits of children and young girls.

This artist apparently has the pleasing faculty of seeing only the beauty and innocence of youth in her subjects—bright, happy, pretty children, with pleasant surroundings. One feels the wholesome and sweet atmosphere in all her work; her little ones are always good, and when she came to draw a little lamb, under her transforming pencil it immediately became a good little lamb.

"Miss Humphrey" is now but a name for the public's continuing identification of one of its favorites; for somewhat over a year ago she



STUDY OF CHILD  
By Maud Humphrey

became the wife of Dr. Bogart, an upper West Side physician. The "real Maud Humphrey baby," Master Humphrey de Forest Bogart, was just seven weeks old when his mother made a drawing of him for a private valentine.



THE REAL "MAUD HUMPHREY BABY"

The art of Alice Monroe Pape hardly comes under the designation of illustration, as she has done little of the kind that is known through periodicals and books; nor can the character of it be restricted to that of the interpretation of children. How charmingly she does interpret them may be seen by the accompanying drawings of hers; but these must be judged rather as an incidental expression of a broad and comprehensive art than as an individual expression of a certain tendency. Mrs. Pape is the daughter of the late Lewis B. Monroe, Dean of the Boston School of Oratory. As Alice Monroe she was a student in Paris under Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury and Lazar, passing six winters in the French capital in company with her mother and sisters. The summers were spent elsewhere on the Continent. She was a favorite in the American colony in Paris. While there she became acquainted with Eric Pape, the artist and illustrator, and in 1894 they returned to this

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country to be married at the country home of Mrs. Monroe at Dublin, New Hampshire. One week later her sister Edna was married to George Grey Barnard, the sculptor.

After her marriage to Mr. Pape their art interests were combined, and when he was given the commission by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to furnish the drawings for an illustrated edition of Gen. Lew Wallace's "The Fair God," Mrs. Pape took charge of her husband's

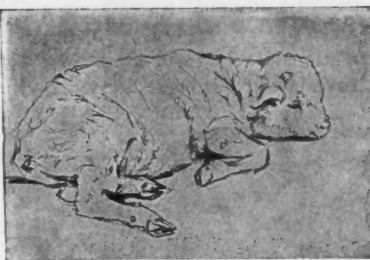
classes at the Cowles Art School during his absence in Mexico, whither he had gone for material for the Aztec book. In 1898, Mr. Pape established the Eric Pape Art School in Boston and his wife became his chief assistant in instruction. She has classes in still life and flower painting, pyrogravure (burning on wood and leather), drawing from the antique, sketching, designing and water-color. These are her individual classes, and they are held on other days than Mr. Pape's.

Mrs. Pape's artistic temperament finds expression in music as well as painting, her husband performing on the violin some of her musical compositions, while she accompanies him either on the piano or bass viol. Their studios and apartments are filled with antiques and curios gathered from the places they have visited, Mr. Pape having made unique collections in Mexico and during his several years' stay in Egypt. These are of historical interest, as well as of picturesque value as accessories in pictures. Mrs. Pape has an eye for the picturesque and

sympathy with the quaint and poetic. The types of children she has essayed as illustrations for this article have a delicious sentiment, —free, natural and spontaneous, without mawkishness or forced feeling. They have the beauty and innocence that those of Miss Humphrey convey, and they have the human sensibility that distinguishes Mrs. Shinn's types. With a wide art atmosphere, Mrs. Pape has drawn them lovingly

and tenderly, and she has placed them quaintly and poetically.

Miss Ida Waugh, whose delightful pictures of babies and children



STUDY OF A LAMB  
By Maud Humphrey



FROM A SKETCH BY IDA WAUGH

really opened this field in American art, has of recent years turned her talent to more matured and dignified pursuits. Her love for children and her inimitable insight into child character made her studies a delight to parents and young alike; but she has turned her serious attention largely to portraiture and character work. Miss Waugh's artistic instincts are hereditary, her father having been a portrait-painter of power and sensibility. She began to draw at an early age—always

children, with large foreheads and curly hair. Then she took to carving children's faces in apples and modelling heads in bread, until her father supplied her with clay and tools which she afterwards carried in her pocket. Her first serious work came in the form of a commission for a portrait in oil of a young girl, which was satisfactory. Several other successful efforts in portraiture induced the sending of the young artist to the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Acting on the suggestion of an old friend, the editor of *THE CRITIC*, she collected a number of her sketches and they were published in book form, being reproduced in color. Another book followed called "Holly Berries," with colored pictures illustrating short stories in



GOLD BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT BUST OF ALICE MONROE  
PAPE BY ERIC PAPE

rhyme by Amy Blanchard, and this in turn was succeeded by "Wee Babies," which had an unusual success. "Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book," with verses by Miss Blanchard, was issued by the Lippincotts in 1888. Miss Waugh continued her work as an illustrator and portrait-painter, and in 1890 went to Paris to study at the Julian studios. Her "Hagar and Ishmael" exhibited in 1892 at the Salon was well hung and missed honorable mention but by a few votes. This painting was purchased in Philadelphia and presented to the Pennsylvania Academy. "Pierrot" was



"THE LITTLE CRITIC"  
Study in gouache by Alice Monroe Pape

also exposed at the Salon. While abroad Miss Waugh painted landscapes from nature and studies of different types in the places she visited. She has done much in the way of illustration and portraiture since her return to this country. One of the honors



"THE LITTLE ARTIST"  
Study in charcoal by Alice Monroe Pape

that have come to her was the Norman W. Dodge Prize at the New York Academy of Design for a portrait of Dr. Paul Sartain.

Miss Waugh's children are natural and agreeable, but their charm

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does not stop there. They are important in their relation to life and the rest of humanity; she has a way of putting them in the scenery so as to suggest the universal and cosmic, and in their attitudes they become a part of the drama of humanity. Miss Waugh likes to paint Biblical subjects and that inclination is responsible for the large art feeling and story-telling quality of her work.



MISS IDA WAUGH  
From a painting by herself

The children of Maud Humphrey's pencil, and those that trip off the pen of Florence Scovel Shinn, do not play in the same yard. Indeed, while it can be said that Miss Humphrey's are "very, very good," those of Mrs. Shinn are "horrid." They are dirty little urchins—saucy, impudent, impertinent street gamins; or just ordinary youngsters, knowing the joy of a downright dirty face, and adept in the surreptitious pleasure of throwing missiles from a concealed coign of vantage. They are the children of the tenements, the careless waifs of the sidewalk, and the commonplace, every-day imp and angel—types

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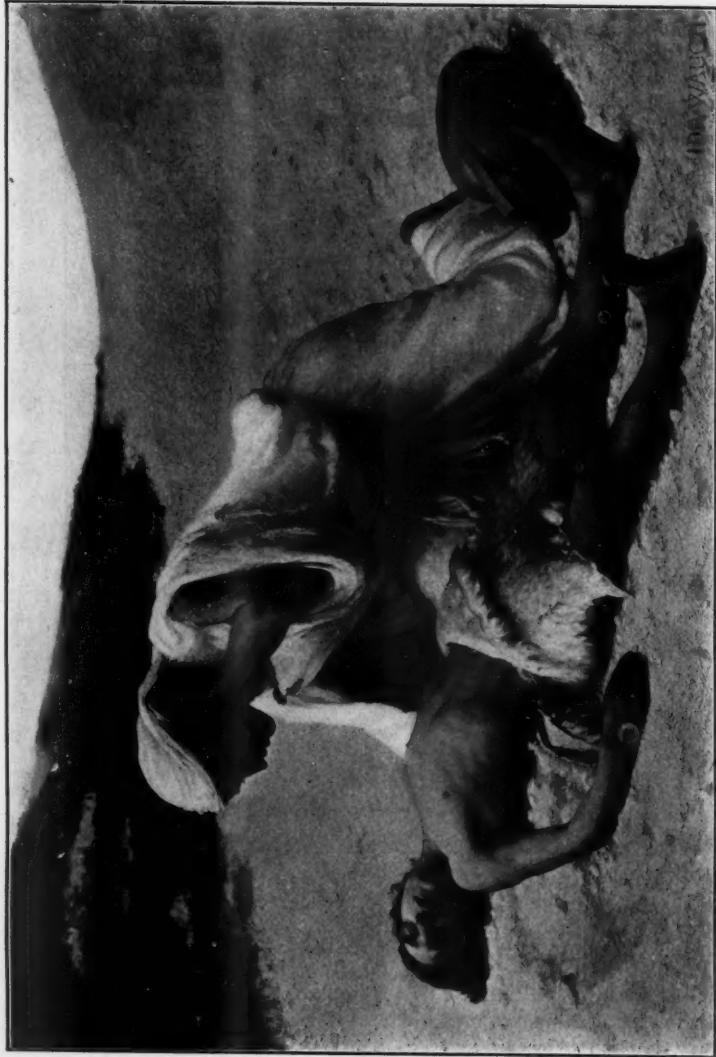
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HAGAR AND ISHMAEL  
From the painting by Ida Waugh

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that every one knows, detests, and loves. Mrs. Shinn did not begin the drawing of children because she had any special aptitude for expressing them, but because, being a woman, it was thought by her publishers that she naturally would do children better than anything else, and she was given them to do. She likes all kinds of character work and the study of types. Her first published drawings of import-



"PIERROT"  
From a painting by Ida Waugh

ance were in the shape of pictorial jokes for *Life*, *Truth*, and other comic papers. *Ainslie's Magazine* has published a number of her sketches and engaged her services in various forms of illustration. Among the most recent reproductions from her pen were the drawings to James Whitcomb Riley's child poem in the February *Century*. Among the books she has illustrated is "The Four-Masted Catboat," by Charles Battell Loomis.

Mrs. Shinn is a Philadelphian by birth, and received her art instruction at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. As a very

little girl, she used to make drawings of ladies of fashion, in gorgeous robes. With the help of a child's box of crude watercolors, she used to make hundreds of these sweeping, lovely ladies, and in the corner of each carefully and precisely drawn sheet of her simple portfolio, she was wont to sign her name prominently, "Florence Scovel," and under that—still more prominently—"Original." Thus early did the true artistic disdain for the unreal manifest itself in the young



MRS. FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN  
Sketched from life by W. Glackens

draughtsman. But even those drawings, which are now treasured as a joke, had glimpses of the humor (truly that rare and "excellent thing in woman!") that has developed into such a delightful human understanding in exploiting the wayward attractiveness of the child. Mrs. Shinn has a real intellectual appreciation of her types; she sees them from within, and has a genial tolerance for the mischief and the mood that distinguish them. The droll and the human are never absent from her view, and the neat and clever directness of her method of conveying these qualities is as much her own as if she had had it copyrighted.

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Mrs. Shinn is the wife of Everett Shinn, himself a strong and clever artist, who has recently been honored by a special exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., at whose instance he is about to spend a year in France. They are both very young, with a full stock of art enthusiasm and vital human interests. Mrs. Shinn signs her drawings "Florence Scovel S—," omitting the full name in order to separate the art identities of herself and husband.



"SUNDAY MORNING"  
Sketch by Florence Scovel Shinn

The good children of Maud Humphrey may have nothing in common with the incorrigibles of Mrs. Shinn, yet they are equally true to life. Mrs. Pape and Miss Waugh get real children, but they are depicted rather at a transitory period of life, with a large assurance of their relation to universal art. Happily there are children and children,—and an art facile and plastic enough to express all varieties. The four exponents of child life here considered have severally given us the children we all know and, after all, they are the only ones that are worth while.



"THE TOILET"  
Sketch by Florence Scovel Shinn



"PLEASANTRIES"  
Sketch by Florence Scovel Shinn

## The Hungarian Byron—Alexander Petöfi

BY ALEXANDER HEGEDUS, JR.

"LOVE and Liberty—I need both during my life: for liberty I sacrifice my life, and for love my liberty!" Such was Petöfi's motto, the influence of which hovered around his path from his birth until the day of the battle in which he disappeared. One of the greatest poets of this century, he had also one of the noblest hearts that ever beat. There can hardly be related a more interesting and eventful story than that of Petöfi's life. Its romance and mystery render it almost incredible. Pursued by an unmerciful fate, his life was full of misery—a few years of glory leading toward an abrupt and untimely end, and a heroic death. In five words I could write his biography: he lived, loved, and died.

Alexander Petöfi was born in 1823 in the central part of Hungary, at Kis Körös, where his father kept a butcher's shop. He saw the light on the first of January, when the year was but a few hours old. During his childhood he went through the country, from one school to another, and at sixteen he enlisted in the army where, from his youth, he had such a hard struggle that an adult with strong shoulders would have broken down under its strain. Ill-health caused his dismissal from the ranks, whereupon he walked across the country to Papa to study in the college. It was there that he met Maurus Jókai, and became his best friend, studying poetry and art with him and reading Shakespeare and Dickens. Petöfi was aware of his genius, but, oddly enough, he cherished the idea of becoming an actor. Several times on different stages he wooed success, but in vain, and failure made him despair in the struggle for life. Discontented with his fate, he took to the pen and wrote several poems, and then wandered to Budapest with nothing in his pocket save a volume of poems. Tired and hungry, he reached the capital; all his hope centred in his poems. Reaching the town, he went straight to the leading literary man of that period, Michel Vörösmarty, who at once recognized the passionate talent of the young man, and procured the publication of his poems by the National Literary Society in 1844. This year marked the turning-point in Petöfi's life. His first volume stirred up the nation, and he then decided to devote his whole energies to fiction only. His success was great and day by day he became more popular; in fact, in two short years Petöfi was the best-known man in the country. On the 8th of September, 1846, he first met Julia Hendrei, who became his wife the next year. They spent their honeymoon in the castle of Koltó. These were Petöfi's only peaceful hours between the two periods of his struggle for life and against the enemy. There in the castle of Koltó he wrote his masterpieces, glorifying love and nature. His best poems were also composed there in the society of the woman he loved so ardently and who, after the poet's death, forgot him and married again. Petöfi wrote to her, in one of his masterpieces: "If

you would throw away your widow's veil, put it upon the cross of my grave, and I shall come out in the midnight to take it back, binding

with it the wounds  
of my heart, which  
even then shall love  
you, and love for-  
ever." Her second  
marriage proved a  
failure.

Petöfi could not remain long peacefully absorbed by his love, for the changing events abroad foretold the coming Revolution. Petöfi himself affirmed in his verse and proved in his speeches, that the time of the Revolution was at hand and that a new era was dawning upon Hungary. In characteristic fashion he expressed his presentiment by saying: "I feel the approaching Rev-

olution, as a dog can feel the coming earthquake." His prediction came true. The outbreak of the French Revolution gave the initiative to the Hungarian revolt. With feverish zeal Petöfi took part in the great movement which threw the nation into the whirl of rebellion. Upon the first day that liberty dawned upon Hungary Petöfi was the man who, standing on the steps of the National Museum in the middle of the park, before the assembled people, recited Hungary's first battle-song, the well-known "Up, Magyars!" This poem became the war-song of the soldiers and sounded through the land with a stirring power:—

" Arise, O Magyars, the country calls !  
Now is the time, now or never.  
Shall we be slaves or free ?  
That is the question—choose.  
We swear by the God of Magyars,  
We swear to be slaves no longer! "

The poem was immediately printed, as the first publication of the



PETÖFI IN 1848

"free press," and distributed among the people. A few days after this scene, the guns thundered through the country. Petöfi rushed from battle to battle, stirring up the people with his wonderful songs and kindling enthusiasm wherever he appeared. At the beginning of the war the Hungarian army fought with astonishing success against the Austrians. Kossuth, Petöfi, and Jókai had done everything for their country, struggling with pen, fighting with sword and tongue,

**A' magyar név megint szép lesz:**

Méltó régi nagy hiréhez,  
Mit rá kentek a' századok,  
Lemossuk a' gyakázalot.

A magyarok istenére  
Esküszünk,  
Esküszünk, hogy rabok tovább  
Nem leszünk.

Hol sirjaink domborúlnak,  
Unokáink leborúlnak,  
És áldó imádság mellett  
Mondják el szent neveinket

A magyarok istenére  
Esküszünk.  
Esküszünk, hogy rabok tovább  
Nem leszünk.

## Petöfi Sándor

VERSES FROM A POEM BY PETÖFI

50<sup>000</sup>  
(2)

and freedom was nearly won when the Russians invaded the country with two million soldiers. Two million Russians against four hundred thousand Hungarians! With irresistible passion Petöfi roamed through the country calling everybody to arms—even the women—for the "holy war,"—but in vain. The power of the nation was exhausted by the two years' struggle. Tired and hopeless, yearning for death, Petöfi wrote the poem beginning "There is only one thought which troubles me." In it he explained the death he craved. "No," he wrote, "not a lingering death in a soft bed, but to die quickly, like a tree struck by the lightning. I would fall on the battle-field, fighting for 'Holy Liberty,' and upon my body let the horses trample, crushing

me. . . . Let my body be buried in the common grave with the unknown heroes who die for Liberty. . . ."

A few days after he finished this poem what he desired happened. On the battle-field of Segesvár, on the 31st of July, in 1849, he disappeared; nobody knows how he died or where he is buried. He is in a grave "with the unknown heroes." Not until several days had elapsed did his friends become aware of his disappearance.

JÁNOS VÍPSZ.  
Irtá  
PETŐFI SÁNDOR.

Ára 40 kr. pp



TITLE-PAGE OF A BOOK BY PETÖFI

His widow and his little son mourned his death, but not for long. Petöfi's boy died; his widow married again, leaving the country weeping for Petöfi. Petöfi was our first and last real lyrist; never before him had poet struck chords so thrilled with deep sentiment. Love, liberty, and glory were the ideas for which he lived, fought, and died.

But let us glance at his restless life and temperament. Accustomed since his childhood to roam from one place to the other, he could not live quietly. He was in need of the excitement which fed his brain. First soldier, then actor, and at last poet, the varying rôles show his restless character. The sorrows which visited him sank deeper in his heart than they would have in another's; the joys which visited him stirred him

ten times more than they would have stirred a common being. He was a man of heart, he lived with his heart, every impression went through it before he put it into his poems. He never wrote any verses "to order." He himself was very proud of this fact and said: "Never in my life have I sold any sentiments of my heart." His heart was the prophet which foretold not only the Revolution but the dethronement of the king and his early death. Petöfi's death on the battle-field was the last incident of the Revolution. His whole life, his poems, his yearning for love and liberty, can only be likened to Byron's. No wonder, then, that he is called "the Hungarian Byron." He wrote both lyrics and epics and excelled in both. Petöfi understood the peasants' "folk-songs" and gave them poetic setting. These songs of his are the pearls of Hungarian song-literature. His epic poems are filled with real Hungarian humor, which only one who had lived with the peasants in the "punta" (the Hungarian prairie), could well grasp. There upon the breast of Nature he wrote the songs which are known, as well as prayers, wherever the Hungarian tongue is spoken. But to translate them is as difficult as would be the translation of Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas." Petöfi knew his own greatness, and in one of the verses he wrote to his mother he expressed it by saying: "Mother, the fame of your boy will live for a long time—forever."

There never was a poet who emerged so distinctively from the "common-folk" as Petöfi. His was a unique talent and coming centuries may not produce one like him. Petöfi was sent by a guardian angel to Hungary for the glory of the whole nation. Hungary has deeply felt what Petöfi did for her. Several monuments are erected in his memory,—one upon the battle-field where he so mysteriously disappeared. Another is in Budapest on the banks of the Danube, near the school where he studied. There is also a monument dedicated by the nation "To the Nameless Heroes." Does it not also celebrate Petöfi?



## The Celtic Drama

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THERE is a sincere artistic effort in Mr. George Moore's play, "The Bending of the Bough," \* which calls for no less sincere recognition. It is conceived upon principle, written upon principle, produced (in Dublin) upon principle. "Here only general ideas interest us," says the hero of the play; and Mr. Moore, in the present stage of his development, can do nothing without a generalization to prompt and guide him. The fundamental principles underlying this particular effort are two: first, that Ibsen and Maeterlinck are "the greatest dramatic poets of modern time"; second, that the next great efflorescence of Art may be looked for in Ireland. From these principles it plainly follows that the dramatist must make Ibsen and Maeterlinck his models, and must at the same time imbue his work with the special and, so to speak, local mysticism of the Celtic Renascence. Accordingly we have in "The Bending of the Bough" a play which derives its every-day surface aspects from Ibsen, its symbolic undercurrents from Maeterlinck, its views of the position and destiny of the Irish Celt from Mr. Yeats, and the constrained cadences of its dialogue from Mr. Edward Martyn. In other words, it is an entirely derivative production. There is not a trace of original dramatic or poetic impulse in it.

Mr. Moore is a clever man, saturated with the æsthetic doctrines of a particular school, and convinced (for the moment) that it is his mission to put them in practice. But not thus are great dramas created. The dramatist makes his play in obedience to the *dæmon* within him, and leaves it to the critic to fit his work as best he may into a historic movement or an æsthetic scheme. Æschylus and Sophocles were not inspired by Aristotle's "general ideas"; on the contrary, Aristotle generalized his ideas (more or less successfully) from pre-existent masterpieces. Shakespeare did not say to himself, "Go to, we have thrashed the Armada, and founded the British Empire; it is high time for Art to make its appearance in England; therefore I will write 'Hamlet' and 'Lear.'" Ibsen did not get around him a body of friends to discuss "the art history of the world," and find in it reasons for writing "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," "Ghosts" and "The Wild Duck." He left his country; he cut himself adrift from all friends; he shut himself up in his own proud, indignant soul, and produced masterpiece upon masterpiece, on no principle whatever, but simply because he could n't help it. Even M. Maeterlinck's "general ideas" upon the drama are generalized from the methods which his executant genius led him to adopt; only in a secondary and unimportant sense are his methods founded on his general ideas. Reflection, in a word, has never made a great dramatist, and never will.

\* "The Bending of the Bough." A Comedy in Five Acts. By George Moore. H. S. Stone & Co.

If Goethe be alleged to the contrary, we reply, "A great man, certainly, and a great poet; but was he, specifically, a great dramatist?" Nor has any great dramatist ever been the self-conscious mouthpiece of a school. If Ireland is ever to find her O'Shakespeare or McIbsen, he will assuredly arise without, not within, the concentric circles of the Irish Literary Theatre and the Celtic Renascence.

"The Bending of the Bough" is, on the surface, the story of a young politician who plays Aaron to the inarticulate (or at any rate unmagnetic) Moses of a popular movement, but, just when victory is within their grasp, abandons the cause in deference to social influence, and especially to the voice of love. This is a promising enough dramatic theme, and, vigorously treated, would make a good play. Mr. Moore treats it with a great deal of ability, but with nothing that can possibly be called vigor. His characters say clever, thoughtful, sometimes witty things, but they never for a moment convince us that they live, feel, suffer. The whole action seems to pass in a pale, calm twilight of philosophic speculation. Almost all the decisive moments of the drama occur in the entr'actes. We have long scenes which seem to lead to nothing and leave matters entirely unchanged; and then we discover that in the next entr'acte the change has taken place which ought to have been, but was not, brought about, or clearly foreshadowed, on the stage. The actual turning-point of the play, Jasper Dean's abandonment of Kirwan's cause, takes place in the interval between the fourth act and the fifth. Here, and everywhere else, Mr. Moore seems to shrink from placing a dramatic crisis on the stage, as the classic dramatists shrank from exhibiting a murder. "Bang in front of the audience," as he himself once put it, nothing happens. The highest emotional pitch his characters ever attain is annoyance, anxiety, a mild regret. Passion, rapture, indignation, remorse, despair—if they go through any of these experiences, it is in the entr'actes, behind the scenes.

Mr. Moore may remind us that this play professes to be a comedy, not a tragedy. But though we have seen many definitions of comedy, we are not aware that it has ever been defined as tragedy (or drama) with the dramatic moments left out. The truth is, we believe, that Mr. Moore was much too preoccupied with his symbolic bass to get the full effect of his dramatic treble. For there is more than meets the eye in the political intrigue. The scene of the action is a seaport town named Northhaven, once rich and prosperous, now fallen from its high estate, mainly through the machinations of its neighbor and rival, Southhaven. Northhaven had once a line of steamers of its own, but was induced to transfer the ships to Southhaven on the understanding that it should share in the Southhaven harbor dues. But Southhaven has shamelessly cheated its poorer neighbor, and declines to fulfil its share in the contract. Thus the burning question in Northhaven politics is, "How are we to get our rights out of Southhaven?" Some of the aldermen are in favor of taking legal action to extort from Southhaven

the long arrears of its indebtedness. Others go further and insist that Northhaven should re-establish its own line of steamers. Others, again, corrupted by Southhaven social influence and by the hope of legal appointments under the Southhaven Corporation, insist that Northhaven can do nothing but passively pocket its wrongs. Here is a typical debate among the aldermen in Mr. Moore's town council:

"LAWRENCE: We cannot foretell what may be the consequences if we rush into any rash action. Our substance and our safety, I may say, depend upon our neighbor. Are not our savings invested in the very line of steamers with which some mischievous persons among us propose to interfere ?

"POLLOCK: Very true. No one of any standing would wish to interfere with the line of steamers.

"LAWRENCE: Think of the regard and gratefulness we are bound to feel for a great town like Southhaven.

"LEECH: To be sure. I forgot that. That is far more important than our interests.

"FOLEY: I repudiate it altogether! What have we to be grateful for, I should like to know?

"LAWRENCE: All fashion, all society, all culture comes from Southhaven.

"KIRWAN: We have exchanged our arts, our language, and our native aristocracy for shoddy imitation.

"FOLEY: Mr. Mayor, I intend to support Alderman Ferguson's resolution that we should answer this letter by the purchase of several ocean-going steamers."

Jasper Dean is a newly elected alderman, entirely under the sway of Alderman Kirwan's views. Kirwan has taught him among other things (and this is a very beautiful idea), "to feel the past like a divine present." Kirwan has taught him that "the Celtic race, because of its spiritual inheritance, is greater than any other race." Kirwan and Dean (alone) are discussing the peasantry :

"KIRWAN : I love their simple minds and their mysterious subconscious life—the only real life. To be with them is to be united to the essential again. To hear them is as refreshing as the breathing of the earth on a calm spring morning.

"DEAN: But they understand nothing of our ideals.

"KIRWAN: The earth under foot does not understand our words, but it understands as we may not. So it is with the people.

"DEAN: I envy you your deep sympathies and your sudden simplifications of the world.

"KIRWAN: Unfortunately, I have not the magnetism that moves the people."

Jasper Dean as aforesaid possesses this magnetism, and succeeds in uniting the town council on the policy of going to law against Southhaven. But Dean is engaged to Millicent Fell, a niece of Mr. Hardman, mayor of Southhaven. Hardman at once rushes over to Northhaven, and succeeds in disuniting the town council again by offering to take a "residence" in Northhaven and spend part of every year there, and to provide capital for a tramway from the centre of the town to the outlying districts. Millicent Fell, moreover, declares that

Jasper Dean must choose between Kirwan, with his "sudden simplifications," and her with her Southhaven property. Jasper chooses love and social ease, and the cause of Northhaven is once more wrecked.

It needs no Oedipus to see that Southhaven is England and Northhaven Ireland, the line of steamers is parliamentary government, Mr. Hardman is John Bull, Millicent Fell (note the subtle significance of these names!) is British luxury, culture, and hostility to ideals—and so forth. Even the light railways and the projected royal residence find their symbolic adumbration. Now this is symbolism as we like it—symbolism "suddenly simplified," that hits you in the eye, so to speak. But it is not symbolism as practised by the great masters, a thing of broken lights and elusive suggestions. Kirwan and Jasper say a good many things that are evidently inspired by Mr. Yeats and M. Maeterlinck; but whatever Mr. Moore may have intended, it is not in reality from these writers that he has drawn his constructive inspiration. On its symbolic side, his play is merely a hard-and-fast political allegory, after the fashion of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." The allegory is not in itself particularly ingenious or luminous; yet for its sake he has distinctly lowered the vitality of his drama.

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### Mme. Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon" \*

BY BESSIE VAN VORST

THE great piece, "L'Aiglon," which all Paris is now thronging to see, has as author Edmond Rostand; as interpreter Sarah Bernhardt; a royal palace of Austria for setting; 1832 as the year of its enactment; and for hero François Charles Joseph Bonaparte, son of Napoleon I., Duke of Reichstadt † and grandson of the Austrian Emperor. The play is divided into six acts. There is neither love nor comedy in any one of them. It is an epic, in historic monologue, whose dramatic force is in the memories it inspires, whose action is that of an imprisoned hero, a captive eaglet: the melancholy combat and failure of a frail son of genius, who dies at last "a hostage for all the sons whose blood has stained Napoleon's battle-fields."

The first act shows the lightness and gayety of Marie Louise and the court of François who surround the young Duke, object of their vigilant attentions, and leave him no liberty but to dream and to despair. Two Bonapartist conspirators are introduced as a *couturière* and a tailor, filling an order from the Empress for Paris fashions, and at the same time bearing to the Duke a plan for his escape. The second and third acts are at Schoenbrunn in the laquer room "whose sombre walls only emphasize the brilliant Austrian uniform" of L'Aiglon. Flambard, one of Napoleon's grenadiers, is admitted as a servant to the palace, and, in pleading with the young Bonaparte to risk his safety for the sake of France, he pleads all the courage and

\* See frontispiece.

† See page 398.

force, the loyalty and untiring energy of the thousands like himself who moved as one man at a signal from the "petit Caporal." In these two acts, Maréchal Marmont represents Napoleon's faithless followers; Metternich typifies the Austrian hatred of Napoleon, the vindictive and cruel meanness by which L'Aiglon is surrounded; François is the vain father who gave his daughter to wed with a Corsican whom he despised because this Corsican was Emperor of France, the vain grandfather who yields to L'Aiglon's entreaties so that his grandson may again be l'Empereur des Français. Each and all describe great feelings in Rostand's marvellous rhyming couplets, and meanwhile the plot for escape is matured during the fourth act in the gardens of Schoenbrunn at a masked ball where disguise favors intrigue; but, in their flight, L'Aiglon and Flambard are overtaken upon the battle-field of Wagram. Flambard perishes by his own hand rather than give up to the enemy, and L'Aiglon invokes Napoleon's victory at Wagram, which, Flambard dying, lives again. Alone in the dark night, the grenadier, his last bond with France, his final tie with the glorious past, now dead by his side, L'Aiglon hears the myriad voices of soldiers from the battle-field, their moans and supplications, their shouts of triumph, of "Vive l'Empereur!" which gradually fall into the rhythmic music of the Austrian Guards, the Duke of Reichstadt's regiment, who come to claim their colonel.

In the fifth act death gains its mastery over L'Aiglon, son of Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Rome, who might have been everything and who was nothing.

The success of the play will be greater than "Cyrano" in France; out of France it will not be as great. Cyrano was a lover, a humorist, a poet, he was universal; L'Aiglon is essentially French. The pitiful struggle between force and frailty, the surrender which brings Napoleon's son to the ground, sobbing, "*Au secours, mon père, au secours!*" this emblem of a swift decadence is too old, too intimate a sorrow to touch humanity at large. As a work of art the piece is powerful, melancholy, delicate, tender, passionate, superb. Sarah was never more graceful, younger, more inspired, less a woman or more an artist. But the subject will be of great interest only to those who love France,—only to those whose admiration for Napoleon *l'Aigle*, is generous enough to include Napoleon *l'Aiglon*.



## The Drama

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE

THE general quality of the plays produced in the New York theatres during March and the early part of April was not brilliant. Perhaps the most interesting experiment was the production at the Knickerbocker by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothern of the English version, by Charles H. Meltzer, of Hauptmann's celebrated piece, "The Sunken Bell,"\* the success of which afforded one more proof of the ready appreciation by the New York public of the literary and poetic drama. It is not likely that many of the spectators troubled themselves much over the symbolical significance of the story about which so much has been written. As a matter of fact the performers did not exhibit consciousness of any deeper meaning than that which lay clearly upon the surface, nor would it be easy to point out how they could have done so. Doubtless the interpretation of the play at the Irving Place Theatre, though less pretentious, was fuller, richer, and more sympathetic, but it was inevitable that some of the spirit, grace, and intent of the original should be lost in translation. Moreover, people do not go to the playhouse for the purpose of detecting social, political, or spiritual allegories, except in countries where free speech is not allowed.

At all events it is not necessary here to consider "The Sunken Bell" in any other light than that of a poetic fairy tale, and the only really important question is the degree to which the literary and imaginative charms have been preserved by the adapter. It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to reproduce in any given language the exact equivalent of a poem originally written in another tongue, no matter how close the translation or how clever the imitation of metre. The only approach to it is made when a brother poet is able to express the same idea by means of independent paraphrase. The translation of Mr. Meltzer does not reveal many traces of genuine poetic inspiration, but it is the work of a clever man, with good taste and no little command of diction. It is seldom trivial, never slovenly, and not infrequently rises to the level of eloquence. In places, however, it is not particularly suitable for declamation, and the equipment of the modern actor, as a rule, does not include any special capacity for dealing with elocutionary difficulties. Both Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned have much to learn concerning the art of speaking verse. The former, whose impersonation of the bell-founder Heinrich was markedly superior to some of his earlier romantic work in picturesqueness and emotional force, spoiled some of the best passages by the monotony of the cadence with which he rounded off every period, while the latter was almost unintelligible in the opening lines allotted

\* See page 389

to Rautendelein. Later on, with an easier metre, her utterance was sufficiently clear. As these players meditate an excursion, at no distant period, into the realm of Shakespearian tragedy, the importance of their elocutionary defects is obvious. Nevertheless they acquitted themselves, on the whole, uncommonly well, acting with a sincerity and intelligence which would have ensured the success of the representation upon its merits as a work of art without the added attractions of a very beautiful stage setting. It is to be hoped that the success of the production will encourage them to further efforts in the same direction.

This last remark is applicable also to the "Oliver Goldsmith" of Mr. Augustus Thomas, which had a most cordial reception at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Judged by the standards of the higher comedy the piece was somewhat of a disappointment. In character-drawing, in construction and in literary quality it fell far short of the models after which it was fashioned. It was disconcerting to find Edmund Burke represented as a mere scatter-brained Irishman, Garrick as something little better than a lightning-change artist, the great Dr. Johnson as matter with the minimum of mind and Oliver himself as a simpleton whose genius had to be taken entirely upon trust. All these illustrious personages lacked the verisimilitude of even the shadow of a shade, but it was something to find them on the stage at all in a modern play, and there was a certain ingenuity, as well as liveliness, in the fiction in which they bore part. Mr. H. A. Weaver, in look and gesture, was so capital a copy of Dr. Johnson's portraits that it was a pity his speech corresponded so little with his reputation. As the purely fictitious Garrick, Mr. Dixey was able to exhibit his well-known skill as a mimic to great advantage, and Mr. Robson \* was an amusing if not very convincing figure as the new Goldsmith. If Mr. Thomas's execution had been equal to his design he would have produced a notable comedy, and, even in its present shape, his play is distinguished by its literary and historical associations. It furnishes, moreover, an entertainment at once pleasant and wholesome.

There is good material for a farcical comedy in "The Interrupted Honeymoon" of the English dramatist, F. Kinsey Peile, which had a brief but moderately prosperous career at Daly's Theatre, but it is not adroitly handled. The author evidently has a fairly good sense of theatrical situation, but has not yet realized the fact that comic incident to be effective must be more or less plausible. The complications which he has devised are funny enough in themselves, but are altogether too extravagant for belief, and, moreover, are founded largely upon constant repetitions of that time- and stage-worn device—mistaken identity. His characters, however, are more cleverly planned than his story and provide opportunities for good actors, which the members of Mr. Frohmann's excellent company were prompt to seize. Miss

\* See page 395

Hilda Spong was especially effective as a married woman of the "new" variety, whose passion for politics and her own incredible folly place her in a most compromising situation, which she is, for a time, utterly unable to explain to the satisfaction of her hitherto unsuspecting husband. She had to portray the perturbation and flurry of conscious innocence apparently convicted of wrong by circumstantial evidence, and did it so naturally and vividly that she won a triumph for herself and partial success for the author. Mrs. Walcot also acted admirably as an inquisitive and suspicious spinster, who assumes the character of a servant in order to do a little amateur detective work, and thereby exposes herself to the amorous persecution of a ridiculous old butler. Her judicious employment of artistic reserve to save a preposterous situation was in striking contrast with the extravagance of Mr. Findlay, who, as the butler, exhausted the resources of buffoonery to excite laughter. Mr. Mason, Miss Mannerling, Miss Hornick and Mrs. Vincent all contributed to the excellence of a representation very much better than the play.

"A Man and His Wife," by George Fleming (Constance Fletcher), presented at the Empire Theatre, may be dismissed briefly as false to nature, weak in morality, and trite in subject. It is the tale of a woman, who, after eighteen years of married life with a devoted husband, is only prevented by a providential encounter from eloping with his dearest friend, under circumstances of the blackest ingratitude and treachery; learns later to appreciate the value of the husband, who has been aware of her delinquency all along, and finally wins back his trust and affection by proving that she no longer cares for her old lover. The reformation of the woman and the renewed confidence of the man are equally improbable in the carefully prescribed conditions, and the one strong scene of the play, though ingeniously elaborated, is too unreasonable in its details to be really effective. Another serious defect is the interminable and unnatural discussions of the consequences of marital infidelity between the wife and the polished seducer. The piece was only saved from failure by the excellent acting of Jessie Millward, Guy Standing and, in a lesser degree, of William Faversham. A curtain-raiser, "The Bugle-Call," by Louis N. Parker and Addison Bright, is, on the other hand, a delightful little piece, capitally written and full of wholesome sentiment. It tells the simple story of a young girl who loves a gallant but penniless subaltern and refuses, for his sake, the suit of a millionaire for whom her manœuvring mother has been angling long and laboriously. The happy *dénouement* is brought about in a fresh, natural and effective way, which is made all the more telling by the unaffected simplicity and truthfulness of the acting of Miss Anglin, whose interpretation of the gentler emotions is singularly felicitous. The play was received with great favor and is likely to survive for a good many years to come.

## Stage Notes—No. 4

BY CLARA MORRIS

ONE night at the Union Square Theatre, when the "New Magdalen" was running, we became aware of the presence of a distinguished visitor—a certain actress from abroad.

As I looked at the beautiful woman—magnificently dressed and jewelled—I found it simply impossible to believe the stories I had heard of her frightful poverty in the days of her lowly youth.

Her manner was listless—her expression bored—even the conversation which she frequently indulged in seemed a weariness to the flesh; while her applause was so plainly a matter of courtesy as to almost miss being a courtesy at all.

When, therefore, in the last act I approached that truly dreadful five-page speech, which, after a laconic "Go on!" from the young minister, is continued through several more pages, I actually trembled with fear, lest her *ennui* should find some unpleasant outward expression. However, I dared not balk at the jump—so took it as bravely as I could.

As I stood in the middle of the stage addressing the minister, and my lover on my left, I faced her box directly. I can see her now. She was almost lying in her chair—her hands hanging limply over its arms—her face, her whole body, suggesting a repressed yawn.

I began slowly; the words fell one by one, in low, shamed tones.

"I was just eight years old—and I was half-dead with starvation!"

Her hands closed suddenly on the arms of her chair, and she lifted herself upright.

I went on: "I was alone—the rain was falling! [She drew her great fur cloak closely about her.] The night was coming on—and—and I begged—*openly—loudly*, as only a hungry child can beg!"

She sank back in her seat with a pale, frowning face, while within the perfumed furry warmth of her cloak she shivered so that the diamonds at her ears sent out innumerable tiny spears of color.

The act went on to its close—her attention never flagged. When I responded to a call before the curtain, she gravely handed me her bunch of roses.

A few moments later, by a happy accident, I was presented to her, when, with that touch of bitterness that so often crept into her voice, she said:

"You hold your glass too steadily and at too true an angle to quite please me."

"I do not understand," I answered.

She smiled, her radiantly lovely smile, then, with just a suspicion of a sneer, replied: "Oh, yes—I think you do. At all events I do not find it amusing to be called upon to look at too perfect a reflection of my own childhood."

At which I exclaimed, entreatingly: "Don't—please don't—"

I might have found it hard to explain just what I meant, but she

understood, for she gave my hand a quick, hard pressure, and a kind look shone from her splendid eyes. Next moment she was sweeping superbly toward her carriage, with her gentlemen in waiting struggling to do her service.

So here again was the play reflecting real life.

But surely I have given instances enough in illustration of my original claim, that the most dramatic scenes in plays are generally the mere reflections of happenings in real life; while the recognition of such scenes often causes a serious interruption to the play,—though, goodness knows, there are plenty of interruptions from other causes.

One that comes often to my mind occurred at Daly's. He once tried to keep the theatre open in the summer-time. That was a failure. Two or three plays were tried, then he abandoned the scheme. But while "No Name" was on, Mr. Parks was cast for a part he was entirely unsuited for. He stamped and stammered out his indignation and objection, but he was not listened to. So on he went.

During the play he was found seated at a table, and he not answering a question put to him, his housekeeper knelt at his side—lifted his hand and let it fall heavily—then in awed tones exclaimed, "He is dead!"

Now there is no use denying that, clever actor as he was, he was very, *very* bad in that part, and on the third night when the housekeeper let his hand fall, and said, "He is dead!" in clear and hearty response from the gallery came the surprising words, "Thank God!"

The laughter that followed was not only long continued, but it broke out again and again. As one young woman earnestly remarked next day: "You see, he so perfectly expressed all our feelings. We were all as thankful as the man in the gallery, but we did n't like to say so."

Parks, however, was equal to the occasion. He gravely suggested that Mr. Daly would do well to engage that chap, as he was the only person who had made a hit in the play.

Parks was, by the way, very droll in his remarks about theatrical matters. One day Mr. Daly concluded he would "cut" one of the acts we were rehearsing, and it happened that Parks's part—which was already short—suffered severely. He, of course, said nothing, but a little later he introduced a bit of business which was very funny, but really did not suit the scene. Mr. Daly noticed it, and promptly "cut" that out too. Then was Parks wroth indeed!

After rehearsal, he and Mr. Lewis were walking silently homeward, when they came upon an Italian street musician. The man ground at his movable piano, the wife held the tambourine, while his leggy little daughter danced with surprising grace on the stone walk. As she trotted about gathering her harvest of pennies, Parks put his hand on her shoulder and said solemnly:

"You ought to be devilish glad you 're not in Daly's company; he 'd cut that dance out if you were."

One evening in New Orleans, when we were playing "Camille," a colored girl, who had served me as dressing-maid, came to see me, and I gave her a "pass," that she might see the play she had so often dressed me for—from the front.

She went to the gallery and found herself next to a young black man, who had brought his sweetheart to see her first play.

The girl was greatly impressed and easily moved, and at the fourth act, when Armand hurled the money at me, striking me in the face, she turned to her young man, saying savagely:

" You Dave—you got ter lay for dat white man ter night an' lick der life outen him! "

Next moment I had fallen at Armand's feet. The curtain was down, and the girl was excitedly declaring I was dead! while Dave assured her over and over again: " No, honey, she kar n't be dead yet —'cause, don' yer see, dar 's annuder act, an' she jus' nacherly 's got ter be in it."

When, however, the last act was on, it was Dave himself who did the business. The pathetic death scene was almost over, when applause broke forth from the upper part of the house. Instantly a mighty and unmistakable negro voice said: " Shuh—shuh! she 's cli'min' deh golden stair dis time—shure! keep still! "

My devoted "Nannine" leaned over me to hide my laughing face from the audience—the audience who quickly recovered from the interruption, while for once "Camille" died with a laugh in her throat.

In the same city I had, one matinée, to come down three steps on to the stage. I was quite gorgeous in one of my best gowns—for one likes to dress for Southern girls, they are so candidly pleased with your pretty things—my skirt caught on a nail at the very top step, so that when I reached the stage my train was stretched out full length, and in the effort a scene-hand made to free it, it turned over, so that the rose-pink lining could be plainly seen, when an awed voice exclaimed:

" For deh Lor's sake—dat woman 's silk lin'd clear frou! " and the performance began in a gale of laughter.

### Prince and Socialist

BY EUGENE LIMEDORFER

ANY mention of the name of Kropotkin will bring forth the expression of various and diverse opinions about the man who gave up rank, wealth, position, luxury, and an extremely promising scientific career, renounced his title of Prince, and went forth as plain P. Kropotkin to cast in his lot with the poor, down-trodden, and oppressed. To the Russian Government his name is synonymous with Tsar-murderer; the English shopkeeper sees visions of the red flag, streams of blood, and a carnival of loot following in the trail of the foremost Anarchist in Europe. Some of those who know him well say that he spends his

life with no thought for aught else except the verification of his scientific theories; others maintain that Kropotkin is a poet who weaves for himself the most fantastic and beautiful dreams, and mistakes his fancies for realities; there are some who depict him as a sort of wild beast bent solely upon the destruction of all that is held sacred by the vast majority of mankind. George Brandes tells us that Kropotkin is more peaceful than Tolstoy himself, and those who know him best love to speak of him as the personification of altruism.

"Memoirs of a Revolutionist," the autobiography of Prince Peter Alexeivitch Kropotkin, does not enable us to decide absolutely which of these contradictory opinions is the correct one. We learn very little about the personality of the author from himself. He keeps himself completely in the background, and his presence is rather felt than seen. He seems to be anxious not to say anything about himself, lest the reader should become influenced by his words; he prefers to let actions speak for him, and allows the reader to put his own interpretation upon them, and to construct the author's character according to his own predilection. Once only does Kropotkin give us a real glimpse into his own self. This occurs when he relates the circumstances under which he decided to devote his life to the spreading of knowledge among the masses.

This happened when Kropotkin was thirty years of age, and this decision marks the most important point of his life. His early childhood, interesting as it was; his life in the cadet corps, at the court, as an explorer and geographer, had a marked influence upon his career; but it was not until he had become a teacher of the masses that Kropotkin's life became important. The horrors of serfdom, the rigor of military life, the corruption of official Russia, the hollowness of high society life,—they all make their impressions upon his mind, but he became a revolutionist, a real force in the social movement after he had made his acquaintance with a new world—the life of the working-classes—and after he had found that "he learns from those whom he intends to teach." And so it comes that those parts of the book where he describes the struggle for liberty, where he depicts the enthusiasm of those remarkable men and women who abandoned everything and went out among the artisans and the peasants to educate them, are the most valuable contributions to the study of intellectual progress in Russia. He brings before our mental vision a grand panorama of the great struggle for the principles of human liberty, and in his masterful exposition of the psychology of the Russian reformer we find the explanation of that remarkable devotion to principles, the exalted courage, and utter self-abnegation which is so remarkable a characteristic of the Russian revolutionist.

Kropotkin has condensed, in a truly wonderful way, in a limited space perfect portraits of all the actors in the social movements of Russia, France, England, and Switzerland, beginning in the early

\* "Memoirs of a Revolutionist." By P. Kropotkin. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

sixties and coming down practically to the present day. He gives us an excellent sketch of all those who opposed the spreading of the new thought, and he has drawn such a clear and concise picture of the conditions and circumstances which produced this movement, that we can fully comprehend why and how all the various phases of this struggle originated. The beginnings and development of Russian nihilism, the birth of socialism and anarchism, their propagation and growth, are given in such a masterly way that if the book should contain nothing else but the chapters dealing with them, it would deserve to be ranked with the best text-books on sociology.

Seldom has there been issued a book which is so full of human interest and which contains so many elements that go to make up an eventful life as is the case with Kropotkin's "Memoirs." What can be more idyllic than the description of his childhood in Moscow, the picture of his mother, sister, teachers, the old servants, his love for his brother, and the wonderful portraiture of patriarchal life? No one can be callous enough not to perceive the delightful atmosphere that greets him in those pages; a step further and we are touched by the pathetic tales of sufferings on the part of the serfs, we find the harshness and the rigor, often amounting to cruelty, of his father, who tyrannizes his wife, his children, and his serfs. Then we see young Kropotkin recognize the fact that his idols have feet of clay, he notices the vacillations of those in power, he watches their machinations propped up by lies, he sees the Tsar becoming a mere tool in the hands of unscrupulous schemers, and we see compassion and loathing, love and hatred, successively take hold of him. From the brilliant court we follow the author into his prison, we see him a favorite with the emperor and grand dukes; we behold him moving in the highest society circles, then he discards his fine linen and costly dress, dons a sheepskin cloak, and rushes off to mix with the artisans in St. Petersburg. We find the contrast between evenings spent in the luxurious Winter Palace and the weeks and months of life in poverty that were his share in Switzerland; we behold him preaching revolution to the workingmen in France, we follow him to London where he lives an underpaid writer, we are amused at the clumsiness and lack of imagination of the spies that follow him constantly, and we recognize that more than once he was in danger of being killed or kidnapped by men in the pay of the Russian Government. And as for romance—his escape from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul will satisfy the wildest imagination, the preparations for his escape and the boldness of the execution of the plan keep one in breathless suspense.

Whether Kropotkin's philosophy of life is correct or not, and be his economic and social theories sound or false, one thing must be admitted by all. George Brandes sums it up very happily by saying: "In character he stands comparison with any of the fighters for freedom of any country. None have been more disinterested than he, none have loved mankind more than he does."

## The Eve of the Reformation

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN

NOTHING is fuller of promise for the future of historical study than the change, which has signalized the last quarter of a century especially, in the methods by which the problems it offers are approached and solved. The change from the deductive to the inductive method in natural science took place so long ago that the old system has been almost forgotten; but in history it is scarcely too much to say that the present generation has witnessed the substitution of the new for the old. The aim of the historian is now, and must be for the future, not the establishment of a preconceived theory, but the careful synthesis of the results afforded by an investigation as complete as possible of the available data.

Dom Aidan Gasquet's book on "The Eve of the Reformation" \* is scarcely less valuable for its positive additions to our knowledge of the period than as a capital exemplification of what has been said. The author is perhaps the most considerable of English Catholic historians, a member of that great Benedictine order whose services to the cause of learning and literature are recognized on every side. Qualify him merely as "Romanist" and monk, and thoughtless people might imagine that here would be the very type of your special pleader, affronting no question without the triple armor of a *parti pris*. They will only have to read his introductory chapter to be agreeably surprised and undeceived. He repudiates entirely the intention of substituting a new theory of the phenomena of the Reformation for the old synthesis which "has been founded on false facts and false inferences."

After enumerating the manifold new groups of records which have only lately become accessible to the student, he states distinctly that "however unsatisfactory it may appear to be, reduced to the analysis of sources and the examination of details, nothing more can safely be attempted at the present time. A general view cannot be taken until the items that compose it have been proved and tested and found correct." He professes, then, merely to have collected and made easy of access some details in evidence of the mental attitude of the English people towards the older religious system. Admitting frankly that "in many things there was need of reform in the truest sense," as did many of the most devoted Churchmen of the time, he shows how different was their spirit and their aim from that of Luther and his followers, and proves that "to suggest that men like Colet, More, and Erasmus had any leaning to, or sympathy with, 'the Reformation,' as we know it, is, in view of what they have written, absolutely false and misleading."

He deals with the popular theory that "the period which preceded the advent of the new religious ideas was, to say the least, a period of stagnation — that together with the light of what is called the Gospel, came the era of national prosperity, and that the golden age of literature

\* "The Eve of the Reformation." By Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B. G. P. Putnam's Sons,

and art was the outcome of that freedom of spirit which was the distinct product of the Protestant Reformation." It is clearly shown by a multiplicity of contemporary evidence that learning found a congenial soil in fifteenth-century England, and that the English revival of letters found its chief patrons among the clergy and the most loyal lay sons of the Church. Dr. Gasquet points out that a complete misapprehension of what was then meant by "the New Learning" is partly responsible for the opposite statement. Such popular authors as Green, for instance, constantly use the phrase as if it meant the revival of letters—whereas it was in the Reformation days a well-recognized expression to denote the novel religious teachings of Luther and his followers. So far from the Reformation aiding the spread of scholarship and letters, it was in reality—to use Erasmus's favorite expression about the movement—a "catastrophe," in which was overwhelmed the real progress of the previous century.

Three long chapters, full of quotations from little-known writers of the period, deal with the relations of England to the Papacy, and of the clergy to the laity. Then follows a careful monograph, occupying a chapter of over fifty pages, on Erasmus, who was in a sense the connecting link between England and the new movement on the Continent, and another on the Lutheran Invasion, which, though shorter, is exceedingly significant, as it leads up to a very important question. We have often been told that the religious changes in England, although for convenience' sake dated from the rejection of papal supremacy, were in reality the outcome of long-continued and increasing dissatisfaction with the then existing ecclesiastical system—that the Church of England in the early part of the sixteenth century was honeycombed by disbelief in the traditional teaching. Dom Gasquet has sought, and sought in vain, for any adequate evidence that such was the case; and his conclusion is supported abundantly by men who speak with the authority of a full knowledge of the state papers of the period, such as Dr. James Gairdner and the late Mr. J. S. Brewer. Dr. Gairdner also agrees with him that there is no justification for assuming for the Reformation a line of descent from Wycliffe and Lollardism. "The work both of raising the seed of religious discord," says Dr. Gasquet, "and of scattering it over the soil of England must be attributed, if the plain facts of history are to be believed, to Germans and the handful of English followers of the German Reformation."

The inquiry into the mental attitude of Englishmen next deals with the printed English Bible, disproving another familiar assertion, of the hostility of the Church towards the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular as such,—and with "teaching and preaching," in reference to the view that the great mass of the people were kept by the clergy more or less designedly in ignorance of the meaning of their faith. Two exceedingly luminous chapters follow, on "Parish Life in Catholic England," and on "Pre-Reformation Guilds," showing abundantly from the records of the time that the old faith, up to the very

time of its overthrow by a wilful monarch, maintained a hold over the minds and hearts of the people at large which nothing since has gained. A group of facts on wills, chantries, and obits, and another on pilgrimages and relics, complete this fascinating inquiry.

The conclusions above outlined will no doubt be startling to many people who have never been led seriously to question the loose popular view of the subject; and this is the very reason why it has seemed well to present them as fully as possible, and largely in the author's own words, in order that curiosity, if nothing else, may lead such people to read the book and see for themselves by what a weight of evidence they are supported. Too abundant and unanimous testimony has been borne by the most accomplished non-Catholic critics to Dr. Gasquet's learning and trustworthiness for it to be necessary to repeat such assurances here.

The life of Erasmus, covering as it does (1467-1536) the same period, may well be read side by side with the studies on which we have been dwelling. Dr. Emerton, the Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, has accomplished in a very satisfactory manner the task laid upon him of writing a biography of a most interesting, and at the same time puzzling, man.\* The task has been rendered in some degree more difficult, as in more than one place he shows plainly enough, by the knowledge that his book was to be included in the series of "Heroes of the Reformation." The ordinary reader would perhaps have wished a greater proportionate space devoted to the work for general culture of a man who was (as Dr. Gasquet says) "beyond question the most remarkable outcome of the Renaissance in its literary aspect." But the real difficulty has been to represent him in a character which should comport with those of his companions in the series—Luther, Melanchthon, Knox, and Calvin. Dr. Emerton has not, however, allowed himself to do violence to the principles of the true historian. Like Sir Thomas More himself, Erasmus could see weak places in the practical administration of the Church, and with his talent for satire, he could touch this weakness with no uncertain hand. He hated tumult and discord; he had a nervous dread of committing himself—in the modern newspaper phrase, of "being quoted"—on delicate controversial subjects. But unless we are willing to regard him as a man absolutely careless of truth, in which case he would make but a sorry hero, the work of his biographer (well written, vivid, and entertaining as it is on its literary side) could not but fail in showing him as a hero of the cause whose prevalence he more than once declared to be nothing less than "a tragedy." A word must be said of the illustrations in Dr. Emerton's book, which are singularly abundant and well chosen, and whose reproduction is excellent.

\* "Desiderius Erasmus." By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## London Literary Notes

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER

THOSE who are interested in the literary associations of London will hear with regret of the approaching disappearance of another George Eliot house. The residence which is mainly associated with her greatest prosperity, that in St. John's Wood, has been destroyed through the advent of the Great Central Railway in that district. The house at Richmond, which is associated with her early struggles as a novelist, is now about to disappear. It was here that Mary Ann Evans, or, as she always signed herself, Marian Evans, and George Henry Lewes were living when the inspiration came to her to write the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Mr. Cross tells us, in the biography of his wife, that it was while strolling in Richmond Park with Mr. Lewes in 1856, when she was thirty-seven years of age, that she unfolded to him the plan of the "Scenes," with the result that "The Sad Fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton" was written in September and October, and "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" was begun on Christmas Day of the same year. The greater part of "Adam Bede" was also written at Melrose House, Park Shot, Richmond.

I made acquaintance a day or two ago for the first time with a literary dining society, of which there are so many in London. We have all heard of the Johnson Club, of the Omar Khayyám Club, of The Vagabonds, of the Cemented Bricks, and of the Odde Volumes. A few of the elect are acquainted with *The Club*, as the institution which was founded in the days of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Sir John Hawkins still calls itself. We have heard of *Our Club*, of which Thackeray was once president; but how many of us have heard of a club called "Noviomagus"? Yet this august institution has been in existence for seventy years, and at the dinner of which I was a guest a printed report of its minutes for 1844—the only year in which the minutes were published—was handed round the table.

It is often said that women do not care for Boswell's "Johnson." Hitherto it has not been thought that women would become enthusiasts for Omar. If this were in any way true Mrs. Cadell is an exception to the rule. She was born in 1844, and she died in 1884, at Florence. She was an enthusiast for Persian poetry and a very thorough Persian scholar. Mrs. Cadell broke the ice by an article in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1879, in which she criticised FitzGerald as a translator and Omar as a thinker. Dr. Garnett, very rightly of course, modifies her criticism of FitzGerald, who did not pretend that his poem was a translation, but merely a paraphrase. We are but slightly interested in the accuracy of FitzGerald's translation; the majority of enthusiasts on the subject are really FitzGeraldites and not Omarites. Dr. Garnett pleads that although Mrs. Cadell had very little experience of versification, and has therefore done her work with abundant imperfections,

she has a strong point in her sympathy with Omar, which renders her more of a Persian than any of her competitors. "We seem nearer," he says, "to Omar in her verse than elsewhere." Certainly hers is better than Mr. Payne's extravagantly foolish version in the Villon Society's publications. It is clear, however, that the translation lacks distinction. It is nevertheless interesting, and one is glad to place it on one's shelves side by side with Mr. Whinfield, Mr. Heron-Allen, Mr. Garner, and others. There will soon be as many translators of Omar as there are of Dante.

I am glad to hear that Mr. W. L. Thomas, the popular proprietor-editor of the *Graphic* newspaper, is preparing his Reminiscences for publication. Mr. Thomas has known all the distinguished artists of the past thirty years, and his book should prove a valuable contribution to the history of art and of illustrated journalism.

Mr. Max Pemberton has well-nigh completed a new story under the picturesque title of "Pro Patria." It will be published serially in the *Windsor Magazine*. The story deals in a dramatic manner with a possible invasion of England.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. are preparing an elaborately illustrated edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." This is not by any means the first illustrated edition of Boswell, although it is likely to be the best of them. There was one published in the "Illustrated Library" of Ingram and Cooke, in the fifties, and there are two others still possessing a steady sale, one published by Mr. John Murray, in one volume, and another by Messrs. Bell & Son, in ten volumes, edited by John Wright, with illustrations by Finden, who also extra illustrated Byron's works. Napier's edition—a most scholarly book—has also an abundance of pictures.

By the way, I understand that the *Pall Mall Magazine* is in the market. It has been admirably edited, since Mr. Astor, the American millionaire, founded it, by Sir Douglas Straight and Lord Frederick Hamilton, assisted in the art department by Mr. Dove Keighley, and later—since Sir Douglas Straight took over the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—by Lord Frederick Hamilton alone. There have been some very fine pictures, some exquisite examples of process work, and some good literature, notably one of Mr. George Meredith's novels and R. L. Stevenson's "St. Ives," but so far it does not seem to have been possible to build up a shilling monthly magazine in this country on the lines of the *Century* and *Harper's*.

The *Times* newspaper has arranged for the publication of six supplemental volumes to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in order to bring it up to date. These will of course be uniform with the existing set. They will be peculiarly interesting to journalists, who will like to see how latter-day events are treated.

## A Japanese View of Ransome's "Japan in Transition"

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ

Now the making of books on Japan and things Japanese is a fashionable business in the West, and sense and fashion do not seem to go together always. Tragedy comes when one takes nonsense seriously: the penalty of the lack of humor is a very sad thing. The "Mikado" and—which is worse—Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème"—oh, dear! what have you done that you should be doomed to take these things seriously? "Why, the 'Mikado'?" we all know that it is a comic opera!" you tell me. All that does not, however, prevent you from basing, unconsciously no doubt, much of your ideas of Japan upon it.

There is a vast deal of humor—that is, for the Japanese—to watch the West sit down to the feast of enlightenment served by a three-months-in-a-treaty-port authority on things Japanese. More entertaining still, when it pays a goodly sum and receives, in its dusty humiliation, a romance ("Madame Butterfly," for example) published between the dignified covers of a high-priced monthly, and—takes it seriously.

I am a Japanese, and naturally I know nothing of Japan—that is true. And it is simply and outrageously absurd for me to sit in judgment over the enlightened judges from abroad—and heaven forbid that I shall ever be guilty of such a thing! At the same time I may perhaps be allowed to be amused, may I not? For what could you do but laugh if the most excellent Mr. Frank R. Stockton were cited as the authority on the construction of the battle-ship, or Mr. W. D. Howells on the influences of sun-spots on the magnetic storms of the earth?

When Mark Twain, Eli Perkins, Josh Billings, and their blessed brotherhood fail me, I take up the Western books on my homeland. In this irreverent frame of mind, I opened the handsome volume, horizoned in sunset-red and blinding gold, of Mr. Ransome's "Japan in Transition." I was amazingly disappointed. I had had a similar disappointment a few times before—Hearn, Satow, Chamberlain, Rein, Miss Bacon, and also certain portions of Dr. Griffis, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Henry Norman. But these surprises are so rare and far between, that one is so apt to forget all about them.

Mr. Ransome is a remarkable man in more things than one. Here is a Western bookmaker on Japan who thought fit to put a photograph or two of a decent-looking Japanese girl in his book. He is perhaps the first foreigner who has done this. Here is actually a man, and a journalist, too, who says, "I cannot claim that my book is the result of a sojourn of many years in the country," and who does not start out to strip naked all the innermost secrets of the heart of the Orient. Such modesty is simply appalling, you know. Here is a man who, in black and white, declares before all the world that Japan is the easiest country to turn out "copy" upon, and the hardest country to "analyze

accurately," and also that "there is perhaps no country in the world which has been more misrepresented by a foreigner to the foreigner than has the Land of the Rising Sun." That is not all. This miracle of a writer thinks that the treaty ports are not the entire Japan, and to spend a few months of vacation in a European hotel at Yokohama is not quite the best way of studying the heart and the works of the nation. And the end is not yet. All of which means that this writer, Stafford Ransome, had a remarkable qualification for the work whereunto he addressed himself.

He started out to write a book on the external Japan of the present day of transition, and on the changes and the changings which one could see with the eyes, naked and of flesh (if you think the task an easy one, you are at perfect liberty to try it), and therefore if he gave us a thorough study of the inner Japan he would have failed to attain his end. And wise Mr. Ransome does not do that. With all that, his book covers a deal of ground.

I cannot think of any more kindly turn I could do for a Western friend on the eve of his departure for Japan than to persuade his valise to make room for this book. For at least one is expected—even if he be a globe-trotter—to read the first chapter of a book. And the first chapter of this book, "Popular Misconceptions of Japan," is a very helpful thing for some. It may save him his honor, and perhaps his life, in the irresponsible course of his wanderings. The second and third chapters, on travelling, and on the standing of foreigners in Japan, have the same philanthropic end in view. Take this for example:

"Most people who visit Japan arrange their sojourn in that country on the lines just described; and the man who does will tell his friends his impressions as seen through treaty-port spectacles. He will say that the Japanese are devoid of integrity; that they are grasping, unreliable, rude, and even dangerous. For he has read this every day in his treaty-port journal; and he has been overcharged by his treaty-port 'rikisha boy, who is possibly the most reputable sample of a Japanese with whom he has come in contact. . . .

"To such a man Japan is peopled with dear little giggling dolls, living in dear little miniature houses made of 'cardboard.' He eats fairy food out of miniature dishes; hangs the graceful costume of the country on him as if the *kimono* were a towel and he a clothes-horse; he trains the sinews of his legs in squatting on the floor, and tells us that he fears his head would knock a hole in the fragile ceiling if he were to stand upright; and so it would if he were eight or nine feet high and his head were not softer than the woodwork. He laughs in innocent glee at it all, as he lets the rice fall from his chop-sticks on to the spotless *tatami*, for he is in such a delightful little shallow-minded, light-hearted, immoral paradise! He hugs in the belief that he is living among laughing children again, and he has not thought for the morrow; for he has not grasped the fact that his companions are bored with it all, but that etiquette and business exigencies oblige them to appear amused at his eccentricities; he does not understand that if their laughter is genuine, they are laughing at him rather than with him, and that it is he in reality who is the child."

Why, this extraordinary and desperate man makes war even against that time-honored, mummified axiom that everything in Japan is "little" except—I want to give the credit of this to Sir Edwin Arnold—shrimps and the sea and the mountains. "One of the most glaring and oft-repeated popular fallacies," says Ransome, "about Japan is that which asserts that everything in that country is little." And he does not seem to think it good logic (and he is so amazingly different from the other Western thinkers) to conclude that because the Japanese room, as a general thing, is two or three feet lower than the Western, that the height of the people is also two or three feet lower than the stature of the Western people; and that such a triflē as the converse, to which the eye-witnesses and the measure testify, is nothing at all to the logician. "At the present day, however, we are bound to admit that their army, navy, mercantile marine, railway system, public buildings, educational, political, financial, commercial, and industrial organizations, their aspirations and their doings, must all be accounted large when compared with kindred institutions in the average European country of to-day."

His chapters on education and drama are suggestive, and one ought to have the credit of being modest in his adjective in calling them so. And it would not hurt a certain class of writers, who seem to have the mania for posing as an authority (for no other guilty reason whatever than that they have a missionary friend in Japan), to read them.

Conscientiously Mr. Ransome worked out an educational map of Japan. What he confidently expected to see as the result of his precious labor was that the treaty-port district would be in the best educational section, and that he could "triumphantly call attention to the presumptive fact that the presence of the foreigner had brought with it the inevitable enlightening result." He was disappointed in that. "Nagasaki is in one of the worst educational provinces—and this in spite of the fact that Nagasaki is at once the most serious and the most successful of missionary headquarters in Japan, that of the French Jesuits." And (how sweetly natural is this singular logic to the Western writer!) he concludes that "it goes to prove that the unexpected always happens with regard to Japanese matters."

There is a bit of humor in it all—that is to say, for us. It so happens that what our good friend from abroad expects least is what we expect most confidently. I am rather anxious to hear Mr. Ransome ask a few questions like these: Was it the love of learning that brought those missionaries into our country? Wasn't it a singular university course they were pursuing when they meddled with our politics of the time and tried to sell our land to the Pope? Did the merchants from the West who came and robbed, cheated, and murdered (some of them), and chopped down picturesque cascades and built whitewashed, square abominations on their ruins—did they come in the holy cause of enlightenment? Did those fool-thieves after pleasure from the

civilized and Christian lands who tattooed their tracks with the shamed and broken fragments of the Eighth Commandment, and taught the simple, oathless people how to curse—did they come that the light of wisdom might shine the brighter? Not all the foreigners belong to either one of these lists—oh, far from it! But the majority of them,—and in the earlier days of our foreign intercourse, an overwhelming majority.

I have said that this book deals with the surface of things Japanese. And wise Mr. Ransome would have been wiser had he left untouched all the deeper and inner affairs. However, one sitting in judgment on a nation is tempted much—very much. So Mr. Ransome touches religion. Now there are a few things upon which it would be well for Mr. Ransome to think once more. For example this: "Shintoism, which many foreign authorities maintain to be no religion at all, amply suffices for the requirements of the ordinary Japanese of to-day." Let us reverently see what he means by this. I quote his own words in the paragraph that follows the above: "But the heads of the modern Japanese are full of the doctrines of John Stuart Mill, Auguste Comte, and others [which is true; only, had he mentioned the names of Kant, Hegel, Descartes, and Spencer he would have been truer], whose writings they have studied side by side with the Bible."

Now Shintoism is a mythology pure and simple. It is a charming poetry to most of us to-day,—nothing more,—just as the Grecian myths are to the average European mind. Very well, then let us substitute these equivalents in the remarkable statement of Mr. Ransome, and we shall have: Shintoism—the poetic apotheosis of natural objects and forces and of heroes (mythology, in short)—amply suffices for the religious requirements of the students of Mill, Kant, Hegel. Is that not a very remarkable state of things? But I suppose he would tell me that the most unexpected always happens in Japan. That is not all. He cheerfully defines Shintoism as "consisting in the worshipping of one's ancestors, mainly." I wish he did not say that. The excellent, clear-cut, and fair-minded criticism he wrote (which means almost the entire book) does not deserve such a black spot as this. He mentions Mr. Satow as one of the eminent writers on Japan. I wonder what prevented him from profiting by so advantageous a knowledge.

He goes farther, and says: "But there is a want of conviction among the Japanese about religion in any form." The history of the persecuted Buddhists in times past, the massacre of the Jesuits' converts in the sixteenth century and later, and the history of Kumamoto Band in our time would seem to give warning to Mr. Ransome to be a trifle more careful. If he is polishing his rhetoric, it's all right and good.

What he says of the position and prospects of Christianity in Japan is strong—very. We—I mean the native heathens of the country—would hardly have said those things. It would have been too rude of us, in the first place, and if we were to overcome that uncomfortable

sentiment and dared say those things, none of the good Christians abroad would believe us. "Ah, well!" they would tell us with a delicious candor, "a benighted heathen after all, you know, my dear! He does not know what it is to tell the truth!" But when an Englishman, the truth incarnate, says all these things, all these true things, about a certain number of missionaries, nothing would prevent us from agreeing with him. I am exceedingly sorry for the real missionaries of that land, and so also is Mr. Ransome. And I am happy to take this occasion to testify that so far as my limited observation goes, I know of only one thoroughly good foreigner (I have not met another like him), and he is a missionary.

While reading his chapter on the "Moral Standard," I was profoundly ashamed that it was written by a foreigner, and not by a native. We ought to have written this chapter, some of us, and a long time before this. But we have not. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether we could have written it as well. And again, coming from the pen of an English journalist of international experiences rather than from one of ours, it may have more weight upon the reading public of the West. At any rate we count ourselves extremely happy.

Suppose we were to take the matter as seriously as does Mr. Ransome? You would die of laughter, would you not? No, we could not afford to take such a thing as that seriously: there is a thing called national dignity. And then, the truth is, that it took a long, long time to convince us that your writers of libels meant what they said: gentlemen joke sometimes, and very badly too. Of course, we could never understand some things. For example this: The foreigner came and called into existence certain obscene corners in treaty ports (natives don't patronize those places); he sought these corners at some expense of time and money, and there made of himself not only a blackguard but an amazing ass, and then went away and cried from the world's roofs that the Japanese are a nation of sinners; and it is evident from his vehement indignation and righteous enthusiasm (for it would seem that one could hardly lie so thunderously) that he most sincerely thought that there could not possibly be in existence another Japanese woman besides the pitiful co-sinner with himself, and that such a thing as adultery was never heard of in the Christian lands.

A Frenchman came to Nagasaki. There he united his most cultured self with a forsaken fragment of the half-world for whom one wiser than he, a native jack for example, would hardly give a quarter of a yen in his most generous mood. He had been married all over the world, this excellent Frenchman; but we are given to understand that none of the unfortunate victims of his past seemed to have been his equal. Now, it would seem that the Frenchman must have been by that time a man of wonderfully varied experiences. With all that, Madame Chrysanthème proved herself his superior. He was wofully beaten at his own game. Since then he does not like the Japanese woman. Upon my soul, I do not blame him. For who could love Madame Chrysanthème?

and to him she was *par excellence* the Japanese woman. His benightedness is unfortunate enough. But what madness possessed him that he should be urged to cry his shame from the housetops, and so plainly, too, that the running mules may hear and understand? But what is more unfortunate and madder still than this is that the West took his book seriously. And Japan forgot her manners and laughed.

Mr. Ransome's book will do much, it is piously hoped by us, for the enlightenment of the civilized West. He is an engineer, this writer, and naturally his chapter on the industrial Japan has much significance, while his pages on commercial, political, and military Japan will be of much profit and entertainment to the merchant, the soldier, and the statesman of the West. And it would be ungrateful in me not to do something, if I can, to show him that even I, a detached nonentity from the land of the gods, appreciate his work.

"*Ketōjin*" is the title by which some of the lower classes call the Western visitors to our shore. Mr. Ransome translates it, "hairy barbarian." And, most naturally, my good friend does not like the title. I do not blame him. For the blame properly belongs to the accursed difficulty of the Japanese language (whereon, by the by, the author becomes humorous in one of his chapters). Now, "*ketōjin*" is made up of three words: *ke* means hair or hairy; *Tō* is the name of one of the Chinese dynasties (at one time we were favored with frequent visits from the inhabitants of the Land of Central Bloom); and *jin* means man. So, properly translated, "*ketōjin*" means, hairy man of *Tō* dynasty. The popular mind of Japan, ever careless, allowed the title "*Tōjin*" (man of *Tō*) to embrace all the foreigners in the land. And this happened before the time of the coming of the Western people. And when the men of white complexion and ruddy hair did come, the people, in order that they might make some distinction between the Asiatic strangers and the Western, cast about to find a differentiating characteristic. And they saw that the Western friends were hairy. Hence the title "*ketōjin*." To be sure, there are many in our country who do not take kindly to the foreigner, and speak this title with a savage tone of voice and with much contempt. No blame, however, is in the title. And I hope that the just and righteous indignation of Mr. Ransome will abate henceforth.



# At Cross Purposes

By Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc)

*Translated by Bessie van Vorst*

JEAN LAUTREC'S NOTE-BOOKS—HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Thursday.

FIRST call on Miss Marsh. A business call to begin with. I have some articles to read, some advice to give her, don't let me forget it.

She lives in a quarter of gay bohemian memories: near the Chau mière, so dear to Paul de Kock. A curious choice, one that promises well. I can picture to myself a bachelor's lodgings in a second-class house.

Friday.

Not at all: I found myself before the best-looking porte-cochère of a little old narrow street, respectable and very dreary. Rather an imposing façade of gray stone, with a painted inscription, too small to attract attention unless one were looking for it: "Home Club for American Students." The words home and club swear at each other; what kind of a place can it be? A lay convent, an ordinary club, or some sort of an association? Whichever it is, I shall not see her alone; annoyance number one!

I enter a large courtyard with trees all about, that will be lovely when the leaves have come out. A Cerberus asks me in French with an Auvergnat accent what I want. I mention Miss Marsh's name, and the next moment I am waiting for her in a large parlor furnished with the most quiet, aesthetic taste. Near the fireplace a young girl and a young man are seated, laughing and talking in an undertone; on the sofa, two women, one with a hat on, the other apparently at home, are exchanging confidences. Feeling rather awkward I walk about, looking at the photographs of different masterpieces on the walls. And suddenly she appears, . . . even handsomer with her hat off, oh! much handsomer! Wavy hair that arranges itself, parting above her smooth white forehead and the perfect, somewhat severe outline of her black eyebrows. Not a grain of powder. A Diana fresh from the bath . . . but in tailor costume.

She greeted me as she would have greeted an old friend and asked me to take the chair just vacated by the other visitor, a tall, beardless, long-legged fellow, who was leaving, accompanied by his friend; and, paying no attention to the two women, who seemed surprised at nothing, Miss Ethel began at once to be jolly, talkative, and brilliant.

"Where am I?" I asked, looking about.

"Oh! Is it possible that you do not know our club?"—and chatting along she explained; and I learned that one of the richest representatives of the American colony in Paris had opened and endowed this refuge for the benefit of girls who come from her native land to study art with us. For a trifling sum they can stay at this place, organized with the idea of reminding them of home.

"But the famous liberty that we hear so much about? You must be treated in a way like school-girls, no matter how grown up you are."

"What an idea! We go and come as we like. There are absolutely no restrictions placed upon us."

"That is good. And all the young women here work hard and seriously, without wasting their time?"

"Of course; that is what they come here for. We are not children.

Some are studying medicine, others are following different courses of lectures; the majority are artists, musicians, or sculptors,—but especially artists; we have two architects, too."

"And under what head do you class yourself, Miss Marsh?"

"Oh! I am studying social science, life in its various phases. Don't you think every writer should?"

"Certainly," I answered as seriously as I could. "Talent thrives upon experience, observation, emotion. If we wish it to develop, we must know the heart of life."

"Oh, how true that is! I found it out long ago, but there was more than one obstacle in the way of my development."

Without much urging she began to tell me the story of her life. She explained everything, and when she was through I felt more puzzled than I did before she began. Here is the outline: She was a farmer's daughter (farmer in America means a country landholder). Her parents of Puritan stock emigrated from the East to the West as pioneers in some distant corner of the prairies. Mr. J. B. Marsh has rather a large farm, he raises cattle, but his income is uncertain, being at the mercy of drought and the poor crops; his children naturally must make their own way in the world. One of his sons is a missionary, another is a merchant, the third left for the Far West and has never been heard of since. The eldest daughter has taken a position as trained nurse in a hospital, with a good salary,—she felt herself fitted for it; this one, Ethel, comforts herself with the childish idea that she can do everything just as a man would. She was educated at college with her brothers. Once A.B., for she is bachelor of arts and seems to think nothing of it, Miss Marsh began to wonder what career she would choose.

"You see," she said to me, laughing, "I am not as good as my sister Mary who has always been interested in the poor and suffering. The development of individuals, progress, and life interest me much more than sickness and death. I think by writing you can help things along. To enlighten my own country about the good and noble deeds of other countries, so that it may profit by what has already been done, is my object; it will necessitate travelling somewhat. In this way I can satisfy my own tastes and study the social question. We ought all to devote ourselves to it. Who could help taking an interest in it nowadays? It is the great topic, the great danger, the great need of the day. You are interested in it, are n't you?"

What I am really interested in is the perfect shape of her small head set in the most adorable manner on the graceful throat which she bends toward me confidently.

She continues, her cheeks flushed with excitement:

"You will tell me about a lot of things that I have jotted down. I have plied Mme. de Vincelles with questions, but she could not tell me anything exact. She becomes sentimental right away, she has such lenient ideals; but that is not sociology, it is romance. As a matter of fact, she thinks about nothing but the little stories she writes, about the things she does herself. You must admit that people here specialize terribly. Like a learned naturalist whom I once asked something about butterflies, he answered me: 'A man could spend his lifetime studying the coleoptera, Miss Marsh; the lepidoptera, therefore, I care nothing about.'"

She laughed and in her merriment showed such beautiful teeth that I laughed too, to prolong the pleasure of seeing them.

" You are a sociologist, I know," she went on, " in spite of the pessimism of your books. It was one of your poets who showed the virtue of a kind of heroic pessimism which harmonizes very well with our optimism. I would like to believe that yours is of that kind."

" Oh, yes, by all means let us be harmonious! " I change the subject quickly, not wishing to admit to her that, while I find my own life very well regulated, yet, like most people who are not purely chimerical, I have no idea of reforming the world.

" Suppose we read some of your impressions of Paris, Miss Marsh. You know that is what I came for."

" Really, would n't it be too much trouble? You must n't flatter me. But you must n't discourage me, either."

She disappears and comes back in a moment with her hands full of papers. The lady callers have long since departed; the parlor is empty; we could fancy ourselves at home, in spite of the suggestion of the open doors. She pulls a little table up into the window-seat, makes a place for me beside her, and, without any trace of false modesty, produces three or four articles, written in a large, firm handwriting, round and regular, which would indicate according to graphology—of which I am an expert—prudence and self-control; a masculine hand, yet with something delicate about it which is very feminine; boldness and caution mingled, with a grain of idealism into the bargain. How can I get on with a woman who has such a handwriting?

The subjects—a strange selection—are of all kinds: Street-sweeping in Paris, The Big Stores, The Lectures at the Sorbonne, Literature for Girls, Society for the Women Prisoners Liberated from St. Lazare. About this last one she enthuses:

" Oh, could anything in the world be more noble! —to keep a poor creature from eternal ruin, restore to society penitent wretches who are determined to work! You probably know the splendid women who are at the head of this rescue society?"

I admit that with the exception of the sisters of charity whose devotion I had always heard praised—

" I am speaking of free, non-sectarian works. Now you are just like Mme. de Vincelles! Policemen to arrest the criminals, nuns to reform the sinners. . . . Every man to his trade—"

" But it seems to me—"

" It is possible. . . . I am willing to admit that things are better done by people whose business they are; but you, meanwhile, you don't advance a step, you get rusty, you let your forces lie idle, you become selfish—"

" Permit me—"

" But have n't you proved it to me when you confess that you don't even know the people who are devoting themselves to this cause,—your own compatriots? We, foreigners though we are, give them their full due!"

Indignation, anger, are amazingly becoming to her; her dark eyes flash. I make her quite beside herself by saying:

" Are n't these questions of prisons and hospitals rather unpleasant to you, a young girl?"

" What? . . . Why? . . . All women have a bond in common and should help each other. It is perhaps the worst who help the better by allowing them the chance to bind up their wounds."

Hum! the wounds of the prisoners of St. Lazare? Does she really know what she is talking about? I become discreetly absorbed in reading, but she interrupts me before I have reached the end of this

comparative study between the French and American prisons ; too serious a study, it seems to me, too deep, and with ugly words which sound infolerable from the pen of this archangel.

" M. Lautrec, you understand, don't you, that we women can do more than any one for the salvation of humanity ? "

" For its happiness, assuredly ! "

She is satisfied with this hypocritical answer; she does not know what it is to take anything for granted, although the other day at Mme. de Vincelles' she spoke scornfully of a *double-entendre*, which has the same meaning as *sous-entendu* in American French it appears.

" Ah ! Why, since women in America have undertaken to direct not only the public schools but much of the city government, everything runs more smoothly. They have made progress even in the cleaning of the streets which used to be filthy. . . . Oh, by the way, read my second article on your Parisian street-sweeps. They are so nice and clean, so picturesque; and they do their work so well. I am out at dawn to look at them, for I don't want to write about anything I have not seen myself, and seen thoroughly."

I read the article on the street-sweeps after finishing the one on the freed convicts, and then I run through the others with an interest which is based upon the dissimilarity in the point of view, the importance given to things which we hardly take into account, looking upon them as so insignificant, but which nevertheless impress the Americans; while they, on the other hand, pass over things that seem essential to us. It is all very instructive for me. I discover at last why the newspapers over there have so few French correspondents. They would not know how to show their readers the sort of France they want to see,—a France which corresponds to their preconceived ideas of it. They would have to first put themselves in touch with the American standpoint, imbue themselves with the American spirit, and not write upon the smallest subject without perfectly understanding the points of difference, and making clear their causes, a *tour de force* almost impossible. Taine accomplished it with England, but Miss Marsh is not Taine. Notwithstanding this, I am generous with my compliments, except about the style, which I cannot say much of, knowing very little English.

" Oh, style,—I don't think I have any style; that is not what I am aiming at. But do you think the essential is there ? You would not deceive me. A little advice would be such a help ! "

She has no style and she pretends to write ! I must confess there are moments when this enthusiast, this heroine, this beauty—she is all of these—seems rather stupid.

Deceitfully, I propose several topics of the day. At these words, dear to journalists, she pricks up her ears, she prances like a noble steed. How would a reception at the Academy appeal to her, a dress-rehearsal at the Français, some of the smaller picture exhibitions at the clubs which are typical of the season ?

" How would they appeal to me ? You are too kind, really too kind."

" Do you think that the pleasure of accompanying you counts for nothing ? "

" But perhaps I would be infringing, taking too much of your valuable time. When do you work ? "

" At night, by preference."

She takes out a note-book and writes down this interesting detail.

" I would like—oh ! much later, when I have had the necessary

experience,—I would like to write an article on the way different authors work."

"And what they eat for breakfast?"

"You are jesting; but food has its influence on the functions of the brain."

How charming she would be if she were merely beautiful. Constant reversion to the professional element spoils everything.

Saturday.

I have won what with a Frenchwoman would be called a signal success. I won it so easily as to be almost embarrassed. Cleverly enough, I flatter myself, I managed to spend an evening behind her chair, breathing the perfume of her hair, almost touching her shoulder, under pretence of hearing a play which bores me to death. Mme. de Vincelles, who served as my accomplice without knowing it, as soon as the piece was over, takes the arm of her faithful *sigisble*, General Brock, and I, descending the staircase with Miss Marsh, dare ask permission to escort her home. She accepts with perfect simplicity. Arrived as far as the Place du Palais Royal,—

"You won't be afraid to return alone, I presume," says Mme. de Vincelles, "knowing your independent ways."

"Thank you," she answers deliberately, "I would not be afraid, but M. Lautrec offers to go with me."

So, no mystery, half of my pleasure is gone!

Mme. de Vincelles starts indignantly.

"You do not perhaps know that M. Lautrec lives quite at the other end of Paris!" she exclaims, hoping that her *protégée's* consideration will be greater than her sense of propriety, and that she will change her mind and avoid this shocking blunder.

"I am not aware of it," answers Miss Ethel, letting the matter drop there.

Mme. de Vincelles is evidently scandalized. But we pay no attention to her. It is a long way to the Observatory. I hoped that, in the midst of endless philosophizing about Shakespeare, I might put in a word which would set this logician to dreaming. But it was useless. She spoiled all my effects. I had only the satisfaction of being near her, very near her, in the friendly obscurity. But just at the moment when, moved by my seeming good fortune, I was wondering if she was the sort of woman who is affected by reserve, or one of those who forgive an outburst of feeling, she said to me in an untroubled, indifferent voice:

"These cabs are so absurdly narrow; they are very uncomfortable. Our hacks in New York are more expensive, but they are much easier to drive in."

She gathered her cloak about her, drew herself into the corner, and went on, laughing:

"What progress women have made since the days of the Shrew, so quickly, so easily tamed, and in such a brutal manner!"

#### ETHEL TO JESSIE

April 15.

DEAR.—I have often said to the timid Sarah that in France, as elsewhere, everything depends in our intercourse with men upon how we take them. I don't know whether M. Lautrec is, or ever was, the sort of man to make love, but I assure you that his attentions to me are purely fraternal. We go about everywhere together, and many diffi-

culties have been, thanks to him, simplified for me in a country where women do not always have their own way, as we do. He is very well informed and teaches me many things. Looking at it in another way, I think he profits by seeing me often. It is, as I have said before, the fault of the European women if men maintain toward them an attitude of authority mingled with gallantry. They are so stupidly submissive to the men. They humor them in all their caprices, instead of realizing that the time has come for men and women to stand on common ground as equals. Frenchwomen don't understand this, with the exception of a few cranks who disgrace the noble name of emancipation, and with whom you would not care, any more than I do, to be associated. I even meet with opposition from Mme. de Vincelles, my best friend in Paris, as I know her better. I happened to mention quite frankly, on one of her days, that I was reading Rabelais, to understand the race better and get into the very veins of the people. She frowned at me severely. Irritated at this, I declared that Rabelais' vulgarity offended me much less than the half-concealed vice of so many writers of the day. It seems to me, as a matter of fact, that he is healthy-minded, that he passes through mire without touching it, like a great swan with powerful wings.

"It is you, Miss Marsh," M. Lautrec interrupted; "yours are the swan's wings that lift you above what you read."

"I would rather believe," said Mme. de Vincelles, "that you know Rabelais more especially by his *morceaux choisis*. Such is the case with me, not because I am a prude, but because he would very soon bore me. All the expurgated editions of our authors that are circulated in America expose the women there to conversing much too freely about the most reprehensible authors (Verlaine for example). And this is strangely in contrast with their rigid ideas on certain other subjects."

I felt myself blushing as I answered that, as far as I was concerned, it was not a question of amusement or curiosity but one of study.

"This pretext of study," she replied with an unfeeling laugh, "can lead one to any length."

But M. Lautrec—we three were alone—took my part and insisted that he found such courage commendable.

"Bah! bah!" answered Mme. de Vincelles, "that is only because you profit by it yourself."

And she rose to receive some one who was just coming in.

I was touched by the expression of genuine embarrassment in M. Lautrec's face after this insult. Looking for evil is the surest way of perverting good intentions. The deep respect which the young man shows me results probably from the simplicity with which I have approached all sorts of topics in talking to him. When we were alone again he said gayly, in a tone that put us both at ease:

"Mme. de Vincelles is too old-fashioned in her ideas. If you followed her advice you would see Paris only through the iron bars of a convent, and what you want is to get at the heart of it, is n't it? Why not, then, leaning upon me as you would upon a comrade, really see Paris, where you have gone about so far in the same little circle."

And it is perfectly true that without his kind words of advice I would continue always from ignorance to go about in the very same circle. Thanks to him, I have discovered some real bric-à-brac, not in the curiosity shops where it is furbished up and made to look like new, when it is not manufactured for the occasion; not in the *boutiques* where they sell imitation *objets d'art* exclusively reserved for American tourists, it seems, as no Parisian ever sets foot in one of these places;

but in the stalls of the Pont Neuf and the Marais. I have heard Yvette Guilbert. I cannot understand her very well on account of the slang which she uses too freely, but she is so distinguished, so slender, so tall, so cleverly æsthetic.

## JEAN LAUTREC'S NOTE-BOOKS

May 1.

My undertaking is no sinecure. She makes me explain everything minutely. Not that I don't sometimes answer her flippantly; the readers of the — *Magazine* will have, thanks to me, a few additional mistaken ideas; but she is hard to deceive, she discovers at once any contradiction, any breach; the adjectives sharp and keen apply to her kind of a mind; she is unusually logical and clear-sighted; it does not surprise me that she should have stood well in mathematics at college.

As we go about together to see pictures (the Salon is one of our great resources), as we visit the Louvre, the Gobelins, the factory at Sevres, Notre Dame, in fact everything which a conscientious guide should show to an indefatigable foreigner, I try to make out what there is under this mania for work, this eagerness to see and to learn, this scorn of what people would say, this childish gayety which breaks out when she is apparently deep in serious thought. Her past is more and more mystifying to me. Here is a girl of twenty-six who has been brought up with boys and in exactly the same way as them. As soon as she had finished her education, good or bad, she started out for herself; once graduated she left home, without much weeping, it would seem—she never mentions her parents—and went to settle in New York with two of her friends, one of whom, Kitty, is a teacher, while the other, Jessie, a great musician, mixes up with her most lofty ambitions questions of art and of social science (where do these last not reach?), firmly convinced, Miss Marsh tells me, that art can open a new moral horizon, and that music in particular possesses this transforming power. I don't know which one attends to the housekeeping; it must be very badly done. As to Miss Marsh, she goes to her newspaper as she would go to an office, and she started out as a reporter. These three girls, all pretty (I have seen photographs of the two others), live perfectly freely in a little home where, I supposed at first, they fed upon nothing but tea and sandwiches, but Ethel has undeceived me in this matter.

"What an idea! We eat more than you do. Our first breakfast is always what you call *à la fourchette*. At nine o'clock, in America, every one has had a substantial meal and is up and dressed for the day."

"No *peignoirs*, no pretty *négligés*?"

"We leave such things in the bath-room," she answered, blushing slightly. "We go out and we are likely to have callers very early in the morning. Friends drop in as they go by even before one o'clock lunch."

"Excuse me, by friends, do you mean men friends?"

"It is all the same in America, we make no distinctions."

"Did you have a great many friends in New York?"

"Oh, dozens!"

Getting bolder:

"And some among the number who were in love with you, of course?"

"It is quite possible, one never knows——"

"How do you mean one never 'knows'?"

"You can't know because they all treat you in exactly the same way, which may mean everything and may mean nothing."

"But it sometimes happens that—"

"Yes, people get married just as they do anywhere else. Then one of the friends becomes a *fiancé*."

To my inquiring gaze, this astonishing Ethel answers calmly:

"Oh, Kitty is engaged, but Jessie and I see no reason why we should give up our liberty. Are n't you one of those, M. Lautrec, who believe that woman's position has been largely determined by the degree of development humanity had attained when certain limitations were placed upon her? In the beginning she was bound by all sorts of duties that now hold only a secondary place in her existence; even the rôle of mother has been greatly modified. In proportion as the atrocity, war, diminishes, and as science succeeds in prolonging the life of man, the duty of having a great many children will become less urgent. These are not my own ideas, but I am in sympathy with them. Do you think I am wrong?"

After a long silence, during which I did not know what to say, she went on in her most serious tone of voice:

"The important thing for each of us, man or woman, is to do all we can to help others,—and this, if you don't mind my saying so, without, as you do, always using the government for an agent, without taking vows as your nuns do, without wearing some especial costume which stamps one as rendering certain services that are in reality every man's duty. All that sort of thing has had its day. Routine should be shaken out like an old cloak no longer in use."

Amazed, I asked her what her religion was.

"Oh, my parents are Congregationalists, but while I was at college I joined the Unitarian Church, which is the least dogmatic."

"And how did your parents take your renunciation of their faith?"

"But it is n't a renunciation, as we all follow the teachings of Christ. What difference could a mere matter of form make to them?"

"Excuse me, I was judging from the Catholic point of view—"

"Ah! you are a Catholic?"

"As much as any one who has been born and baptized in a religion he no longer believes."

"Then you are an agnostic?"

"I don't believe I am anything at all."

"Oh, you are maligning yourself probably, M. Lautrec. Metaphysical differences are of slight importance if only one is good—"

"Mon Dieu! I don't think I am wicked—"

"You don't understand me. I mean *good* as we mean it in English."

"Virtuous, then?"

"Yes, exactly. Why do you smile? Doing good is being virtuous. And in this way, it seems to me, dogma is blended or made one with the Christian teachings whose only formula is charity."

What an extraordinary young woman! And how annoyingly wide of the mark our conversation! How is it possible to make love to some one who always turns from the personal to generalities? If she had only suggested converting me, undertaking my spiritual education, that might have helped things along. But she had such faith in my virtue! It reminded me of the little children who put their hands boldly into the mouth of a big dog whom this familiarity astonishes so he dares not bite.

ETHEL TO JESSIE

May 15.

Yes, you are right, dear, and why should I deny it? I like him very much; I enjoy his companionship more and more; I realize that I shall miss it when I leave France; but we are nevertheless, he and I, far from really understanding each other. It is perhaps just this that adds zest to our fleeting friendship; but in certain discussions we have gone to the bottom of things more than in others, and it is then that I have realized the abyss between us. You know that in my odd moments I am endeavoring to translate *le Livre de la Pitié et de la Morte*, one of the rare gems of French literature which is fit for any one to read. I told him about it, and he seemed more displeased than glad.

"I would rather not see works of art translated," he said to me; "a masterpiece in any but its original form gives me the impression of a skeleton. Rest assured, style is the artist's touch par excellence, the character and merit of a book."

I exclaimed at this naturally, for I am not sure that a foreigner like myself can exactly grasp the beauty of Loti's style, simple as it seems. What appeals to me is the pity he expresses for our brothers the animals. In these days of vivisection the enforced cruelty of biology is increased by unnecessary tortures, and the altruism therefore, which includes innumerable species that the human race makes light of sacrificing seems to me of far more importance than the perfection of style. When a man has written a book with a noble purpose I would like the whole world to profit by it.

But, without listening to my objections, M. Lautrec resumed:

"Is it better to know a thing badly than not to know it at all? As far as art is concerned there is but one answer to this question. I would willingly allow translators the current trash of the day and scientific works perhaps, but not books of the finest literature."

"I thought," said I, "that modern languages were very little taught in France."

"And so they are," he answered unconcernedly.

"And," I went on, "it seems to me that women here very seldom study the dead languages. So they could not have even a glimpse of Latin and Greek classics, and to the rest of you Shakespeare would remain a sealed volume. As well say it were better to starve than not have an elaborate feast, or that blindness were preferable to a failing sight which would still permit one to get about alone and to admire the sunshine vaguely."

He answered very scornfully, "Women are not artists,"—which will not keep me from finishing my translation. But with this contempt for the solid side of literature there is mingled a disdain for much that is righteous. Ah! I forgot to tell you that among my arguments in favor of translations I brought this in: "But who reads the Bible in the original?" He responded with a triumphant air, "We do not read it at all!"

No, they do not read it at all and the result is apparent. They have not got much conscience. I admit reluctantly that I can no longer respect Mme. de Vincelles. Would you believe it? I have at last met in this elderly person, Bourget's heroine for whom I was searching everywhere in vain. And as for M. Lautrec, he stood very badly a test to which I put him. I had asked Horace Giles, one of the last times he came to call, to tell me the places of amusement in Paris where a respectable woman could least afford to be seen; thus posted

(I must admit that poor Giles, surprised at my question, responded more than briefly) I suggested that M. Lautrec take me to one of these places. . . . A single word of explanation would have sufficed; I waited for this word . . . and . . . he did not utter it. So I knew that the protection which women have the right to expect from men he might fail to show me. Since then I have felt a slight contempt for his character. You see, Jessie, I have not lost my head, although he certainly does please me. . . .

P.S.—I am so glad you like my article on Literature for Girls. To forbid a married woman to read what is written for the public proves the immorality of the writing and the moral weakness of the woman. It is the tacit condemnation of *their* present literature and of the education of *their* women. As to the novel meant especially for girls, this concoction, however tasteless, is no more wholesome than the spice itself, for the end is always marriage, a conventional marriage, a reasonable marriage, a calm, sensible marriage in every case, the mere description of love being considered dangerous. This sort of alliance is the inevitable reward of virtue, the recompense for good actions. And nobody seems aware of the debasement, the shame of such servitude, dearly paid for as a rule, by the way, since the slave is almost always forced to have a *dot*.

(To be concluded.)

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

### ART

**The Midsummer of Italian Art**, by Frank Preston Stearns, contains an examination of the works of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael Santi and Correggio. The edition is revised from that of 1895, and is illustrated with five heliotypes, not all of which are satisfactory in their finish. (Putnam, \$2.25.)

### BELLES LETTRES

**What is Good English? and Other Essays**, by Harry Thurston Peck, is a collection of essays on a wide variety of literary topics, including Nietzsche and Tennyson, Mallarme and Balzac. There is one essay on "The Progress of Fonetic Re-fawrm" which should be commended to the disciples of that cult—not that it will convert them, but at least it will make them angry, and that is always something. The first two essays, dealing with the niceties of speech, would make very useful reading for those who need admonition on such points; but unfortunately they are the last people who will be likely to read them. Incidentally, however, for "those who know," there are a number of little touches which will have quite the seductiveness of a serious manual of etiquette—always amusing reading. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

**Le Morte Darthur**, "the last important English book written before the introduction of printing into [England]," and "the first English classic for our knowledge of which we are entirely dependent on a printed text," fills two volumes in the Library of English Classics. Its interest does not lie in these two facts, noted in the bibliographical introduction by A. W. Pollard. The book's vitality is due in part to the inherent fascination of the romance and partly also to the charm of Sir Thomas Malory's rendering of the old French original. It has held its own for over four centuries and it has seldom appeared in a form in which so low a price has been united with so clear a type and so light (though large) a form. (Macmillan, \$3.00.)

**Anglo-Saxons and Others**, may be characterized in a few sentences from the author's opening paragraph: "Something like a specific literature is growing up around [the Anglo-Saxon]. And, in many respects, it is an extremely suggestive literature. It often fails to tell us, in clear terms, how and why the Anglo-Saxons have come to be just what and just where they are. But it throws certain revealing flashes of light into the obscurities of these general social questions which press upon the world's attention." Miss Alice Gorren writes, and writes very interestingly, of 'The New

*Empire*, "The Gospel of Action," "The Religious-Commerce Instinct," etc.; and her work well deserves the attractive dress her publishers have given it. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Mr. Lang's *Homeric Hymns*, will be welcomed by the many admirers of the translation of the *Odyssey* made in collaboration by the accomplished essayist and poet and the Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. In his later task, he has had, not the "partnership" of his whilom collaborator, Mr. Butcher, but only his "kind assistance" in correcting some of the proofs. The hymns, like the epic, are rendered in a simple, strong and graceful prose. It is hard to say which is the more enjoyable—or which Mr. Lang has the more enjoyed doing—the translation itself, or the hundred-page introduction in which the folk-lore and mythology of the Aztecs, Tibbeways and Australians, as well as of the Greeks, are discussed upon with equal ingenuity and eloquence. Photographic reproductions of busts, statues, and vases, representing Athene, Demeter, Hermes, Aphrodite, etc., embellish the volume. (Longmans, \$2.00.)

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

**The Life of Prince Otto von Bismarck**, by Frank Preston Stearns, is a biography, apparently full and careful, of one of the most remarkable men of the century. Mr. Stearns considers that all the earlier lives are deficient on one side or the other, in view of the requirements of American readers, and he has undertaken to give them what they want,—"a clear statement of the character of the man, the principal events of his life, and an explanation of his policy as related to the historical events of his time." (Lippincott, \$3.50.)

**The Transvaal from Within, a Private Record of Public Affairs**, by J. P. Fitzpatrick. The writer is a South African by birth, a resident of the Transvaal since 1884, and secretary of the Reform Committee. His case is not presented impartially, according to his own statement. (Stokes, \$3.00.)

**Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford**, arranged and edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D. and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., contains new letters on church reform and the abolition of religious tests, on education, European politics, India, and miscellaneous subjects. Chapter VI. consists of notes and sayings. The frontispiece is an excellent photogravure of Prof. Jowett in his fifty-fourth year. (Dutton, \$5.00.)

**The Anglo-Boer Conflict; its History and Causes**, by Alleyne Ireland, is a brief account of the African situation from the early part of the century up to the present time. Mr. Ireland's aim is to avoid the expression of personal opinion, and to present the facts of the case plainly and fairly, basing his statements on documentary evidence of an official character, and on all the important literature of the subject. The appendix shows how wide his reading has been. (Small, Maynard & Co., 75 c.)

**The Golden Horseshoe**, edited by Stephen Bonsal, is a collection of extracts from the letters of Captain H. L. Herndon of the 21st U. S. Infantry, on duty in the Philippine Islands and [of] Lieutenant Lawrence Gill, A.D.C., to the military Governor of Puerto Rico, with a postscript by J. Sherman, Private, Co. D. 21st Infantry. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life**, by E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt. D., D. Lit. Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Six thousand years ago the Egyptians possessed a religion and a system of morality which stand second to none developed by the greatest nations of the world. The central idea of that religion was immortality. (Kegan Paul, 3/6.)

**The Middle Ages**, by Henry Hallam, appears in the series of *The World's Great Books*, with a critical and biographical introduction by George Lincoln Burr. The only adverse criticism of these books is that they are too heavy for comfortable handling. (Appleton, 2 vols., illustrated, \$3.00.)

**Charles Sumner**, by Moorfield Storey, completes the long list of the American Statesmen series, begun nearly twenty years ago under the editorship of John T. Morse, Jr. Of all American public men, except Lincoln, Sumner has been the most fortunate in his biographers, and there have been many of them. Pierce's four large octavo volumes are an enduring monument to the devotion and discretion of the biographer as well as to the noble and brilliant career of the foremost champion of freedom and equal rights in the United States. Mr. Storey, who knew Sumner well and is himself a man of strong character and great independence, has reviewed the leading facts of the philanthropist's life, and in convenient form has given us an impressive narrative of an interesting and important career. By well-chosen and brief quotations from Sumner's speeches and letters he has let the subject speak for himself in a way that increases the value of the

book. Sumner had weaknesses, and was often far from being wise and right; but one can not become familiar with his thoughts and acts without conceiving great respect for him, for Emerson was right when he said that Sumner had the whitest soul of any man he ever knew. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

**The Life of Abraham Lincoln** by Ida M. Tarbell has for four years been familiar to readers of *McClure's Magazine*. Every one that reads knows how patiently Miss Tarbell has traced clews and sifted material in her efforts to make this work a faithful portraiture of Lincoln, the man. Unpublished speeches, letters, and telegrams, a profusion of illustrations, and material additional to the magazine material, combine into a biography of rare value. A serious fault is the lack of an index. (Doubleday and McClure Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)

**A Memoir of Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck**, by C. Kinloch Cooke, B.A., LL.M., Barrister-at-Law. As a rule, the lives of the family of Hanover have not been especially interesting from the intellectual point of view. The life of the Princess Mary Adelaide, mother of the Duchess of York and cousin of the Queen, is an exception. As a girl she was not only extraordinarily handsome, but intellectually fascinating, to judge from her letters and journals here printed. It is rather difficult to imagine a Hanoverian woman "finishing the play of Hamlet before going down to breakfast," even though she had Danish affiliations. Her literary judgments were acute, and her expression of them frank. She found "Hypatia" coarse in thought and language, unworthy of a clergyman, and tedious to a degree in its philosophic dissertations. Later, after she had read the book, she heard Kingsley preach a wonderful sermon, more like a lecture than anything else, and "more startling than edifying." Except for constant references to the Queen and Albert and Wales, the journal is what one would expect, not from a royal personage, but from any bright young girl with large powers of observation and description. The account of the Prince Consort's death and of the grief of the "poor, dear old queen," is as vivid as any record could be, with the added value of family feeling. The books are elaborately and satisfactorily illustrated, and interesting to an unusual extent. (Scribner, 2 vols., price \$7.50.)

**Thomas Paine**, by Ellery Sedgwick, aims to strike a balance between the slanderous biographies of George Chalmers and James Cetham and the too able defense of Moncure D. Conway, published in 1892. The compression of all these Beacon Biographies is to be commended. It is easy enough to put a thought into ten words, not so easy to put it into five. Yet each book gives an adequate idea of its subject. The chronological preface is helpful, but neither by index nor by date at the head of each page is it possible to find quickly what one wants. It is to be hoped that a new edition of these books will remedy this defect. (Small, Maynard & Co., 75c.)

**History of the People of the United States, 1821-30**, is volume five of Prof. John Bach McMaster's great work on the period between the Revolution and the Civil War. There have been many excellent histories and biographies, political or literary, covering more or less of these nearly four score years, but to Prof. McMaster belongs the credit of being the first to undertake to give a narrative account of the innumerable phases of life and thought in the United States. It was an original conception, and the great task is now more than half completed. The first installment of the history came as a pleasant surprise, and the later volumes have maintained a high standard in regard to research and style of treatment. In addition to reviewing all the important political questions in domestic and foreign relations the historian has written extremely interesting chapters on "Social and Labor Reforms," "The State of the Country, 1825 to 1829," "The Negro Problem," "The Industrial Revolution," "Early Literature," "British Criticism of the United States," "The Common School in the first Half-Century," "Political Ideas in the first Half-Century," etc. It seems hard to realize, as Prof. McMaster shows is the case, that within the memory of men now living, there was nothing worthy the name of American literature, the inhabitants of the United States were greatly exercised when criticised by foreigners, gas for illuminating purposes was practically unknown, railroads were less used than balloons are to-day, and a thousand other useful things now almost as universal as air and water had hardly been thought of. It is only by reading such a history as this that one is able to comprehend how rapid and wonderful have been the changes in a single lifetime. To think of them makes one afraid to say that anything is impossible. (D. Appleton & Co., \$2.50.)

#### EDUCATION

**Economics and Industrial History for Secondary Schools**, by Henry W. Thurston, head of the Department of Social and Economic Science in the Chicago Normal School. This book combines the laboratory method of investigation and observation with the study of the evolution of the present industrial conditions, followed

by a discussion of such fundamental economic principles as utility, value, production, distribution, and consumption. The combination of the theoretical and the practical makes this book an attractive basis for work in one of the most useful of studies. A teachers' manual accompanies it. (Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago, \$1.00.)

**Outlines of the Comparative Physiology and Morphology of Animals**, by Joseph Le Conte. This book is not intended to take the place of other treatises on zoölogy, but rather to supplement them by furnishing a general view of the animal kingdom in its physiological and morphological aspects. Other books are analytic of selected types. This book is synthetic. It should precede and accompany the special laboratory courses in high schools, colleges, and universities. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

**Plane Trigonometry**, by Elmer A. Tyman and Edwin C. Goddard, furnishes material in analytical trigonometry and also in the solution of the triangle. (Allyn & Bacon, \$1.00.)

**The Vicar of Wakefield** has been edited for the use of schools by R. Adelaide Witham, of the Somerville Latin School. (Allyn & Bacon, 40c.)

**Harvard Studies in Classical Philology** is Vol. X. in a series published by the authority of Harvard University and contributed chiefly by its instructors and graduates. The number of studies is eleven, written by eight men. (Ginn, \$1.50.)

**The Rise of Formal Satire in England under Classical Influence**, by Raymond Macdonald Alden, instructor in English in the University of Pennsylvania. (Published for the University, Ginn.)

**Graded Literature Readers**, Second Book, by Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D. and Ida C. Bender, contains a number of colored pictures which will certainly appeal to little folks in their efforts to learn reading. It is a pleasure to record that the dia-critical marks are the old-fashioned ones which grown-ups knew in their school-days, and that the names of authors are carefully appended to well-known selections. This series of books ought to have marked success. (Maynard, Merrill & Co., 40c.)

#### FICTION

**Mary Cameron, A Romance of Fisherman's Island**, is a Coast-of-Maine story containing a good deal of descriptive matter which will recall that beloved region pleasantly to the summer sojourners in beautiful and self-respecting land. As for Mary Cameron, she is one of the wholesome, indigenous products of the soil, and she wins the noble young summer visitor away from a frivolous person of his own sort. This is easier to do on paper than in real life, for birds of a feather do flock together, and the shy and high-souled daughters of the soil are likely to be taciturn and unattractive in manner when confronted with the city youth. However, perhaps it is well now and then to have things happen in books as they certainly do not in life. (B. H. Sanborn & Co., \$1.00.)

**The Final Goal**, by Bessie Dill, is a commonplace story of English life in which every female has a bruised heart. (Lippincott, 50c.)

**The Jew**, and four other stories by Ivan Turgenev, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett, is the fifteenth and last volume of Mrs. Garnett's admirable translations. More and more Turgenev is coming to be recognized as the supreme European artist. Delicacy, power, poetry, passion, are all found in the work of this man of few words, whose very concentration shows the artistic heights which he attained. The only pity is that the fifteenth volume is the last. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

#### POETRY

**Jami's Salaman and Absal**, appears in various editions of FitzGerald, and is printed with the fourth edition of the "Rubaiyat"; but the editor of the volume before us says it "has never before been presented by itself." To make this statement correct, the word "before" must be omitted, for the poem is not now presented "by itself," but in conjunction with what the translator terms "a bird's-eye view of Farid-Uddin Attar's" Bird-Parliament. Mr. Dole furnishes ample prefatory matter, there is an abundance of prefaces, notes, etc., but no lover of FitzGerald's greatest work need fear that either of these two translations will even approach in popularity the poem that has made the Persian Muse a familiar inmate of our households. The little volume is well edited and well arranged, and as a piece of book-making reflects credit in every way on its publishers, L. C. Page & Co. (75 c.)

**Florilegium Latinum**, edited by Francis St. John Thackeray and E. D. Stone. This volume, pleasant to light upon in our utilitarian age, forms one of the "Bodley

**Head Anthologies.**" The editors, who are both assistant masters at Eton, have collected the best translations into Latin verse from pre-Victorian poets, and propose to follow it by another which shall cover the contemporary singers. For those who can appreciate the delicate subtleties of elegiacs and alcaics—fewer, alas! than of old—it will prove a very treasure-house of delights, both in matter and manner. (Lane, \$2.00.)

**The Open Road**, a little book of prose and verse for wayfarers, compiled by E. V. Lucas, aims to provide companionship on the road for city-dwellers who make holiday. It is of a convenient size for a man's pocket. The selections tell of farewells to winter and the town, of spring and the beauty of the earth, of lovers, of sun and cloud and the windy hills, of birds, blossoms, and trees,—in fact, of everything that makes work well-nigh impossible when the world of nature begins to awake from its long sleep. The poets that speak represent such extremes as Shakespeare and Le Gallienne. (Holt, \$1.50.)

**The Princess and Other Poems** by Alfred Lord Tennyson, with portrait, is published in the Temple Classics. The Other Poems are those chiefly lyrical, of the year 1830, and the second volume of 1833. (Dent, 50 c.)

In **Beyond the Hills of Dream**, W. Wilfred Campbell reads his title clear to a place amongst the foremost of Canadian bands. His dedication, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the date-line, "Ottawa, August, 1899," show him to be a colonial Englishman; and "The Lazarus of Empire" emphasizes his nationality: it emphasizes, also, the sea-change that has come over the relations between the Mother Country and her colonies since the South African Presidents issued their ultimatum, two months after the above dedication was written. Mr. Campbell's reference to the Canadian's alienation—

"He beats no drums to her battles,  
He gives no triumphs her name."

is as belated as Mr. Stickney's "Transvaal Outlook." Mr. Campbell's title poem, and his elegy on Archibald Lampman, are the work of a true poet; and so is much else in this latest contribution to the library of Anglo-Canadian verse. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**The Regeneration of the United States**, by William Morton Grinnell, contains a forecast of the industrial evolution of this country. Mr. Grinnell finds the greatest danger to be the suppression of individualism, by which our country was founded and whereby it has become the foremost nation in the world. He believes that if individualism is compatible with concentration and consolidation, which make for economy, precision, and perfection, then social and economic life will approach complete and harmonious adjustment. (Putnam, \$1.00.)

**How Women May Earn a Living**, by Helen Churchill Candee, gives practical information and specific advice regarding all the possible occupations for women that work through necessity and not caprice. The book is well written and helpful. The chapters on hack-writing and editing seem to have come from the author's own experience. Some of her statements concerning school-teaching are sweeping, undoubtedly because she has made deductions from too few instances. (Macmillan, \$1.00.)

**The Psychology of Religion**, by Edwin Diller Starbuck, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Education at Leland Stanford, Junior, University, an Empirical study of the growth of Religious Consciousness, with a Preface by William James of Harvard University. The book is a documentary study of human nature on its religious and psychological sides. It is an application of scientific methods to the study of religion,—a number of deductions from a mass of question-circulars containing intimate and searching inquiries. The book is an important contribution from a new field of investigation. (Imported by Scribner, \$1.50.)

**Invisible Light or The Electric Theory of Creation**, by Geo. W. Warder, aims to be not an abstruse scientific work, but the statement of a new theory and its comparison with the old ones for the instruction of the masses. (Dillingham, \$1.25.)

**Heredity and Human Progress**, by W. Duncan McKim, M.D., Ph.D., is a scientific, logical plea for the painless extinction by the State of defective and vicious persons. Such persons, when it should be proved that they were incurable or incorrigible, ought to be prevented from inflicting themselves on society and from transmitting their tendencies to offspring. Dr. McKim's book should receive due consideration from all thoughtful-minded readers. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

## Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres, of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *The Critic* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most called-for novel is admitted to the list.

### NEW YORK CITY

#### New York Free Circulating Library. J. NORRIS WING, Librarian.

- Life and Letters of John Everett Millais. Millais. (F. A. Stokes, \$10.00.)  
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
New Humanism. Griggs. (Brentano, \$1.60.)  
United Kingdom. Smith. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$4.00.)  
The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)  
Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)

#### Most Popular Novel.

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

#### New York Society Library, University Place. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

- Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$7.50.)  
Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
Life of Sir J. E. Millais. Millais. (Stokes, 2 vols., \$10.00.)  
Recollections of my Mother. Lesley. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50.)  
Lights and Shadows. Whipple. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)  
Yangtse Valley. Bishop. (Putnam, 2 vols., \$6.00.)  
River War. Churchill. (Longmans, 2 vols., \$10.00.)  
Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
Life of E. W. Benson. Benson. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$8.00.)

#### Most Popular Novel.

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

#### Free Library (Apprentices'), 18 W. 44th St. H. W. Parker, Acting Librarian.

- The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)  
River War. Churchill. (Longmans, 2 vols., \$10.00.)  
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$5.00.)  
Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
Ave, Roma Immortalis. Crawford. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$6.00.)  
The Workers (West). Wyckoff. (Scribner, \$1.25.)  
Tour Around New York. Mines ("Old Boy"). (Harper, \$3.00.)  
Recollections of Sir Algernon West. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)

#### Most Popular Novel.

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

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### Mercantile Library, Astor Place. W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian.*

In the Valley of the Rhone. Wood. (Macmillan, \$10.00.)  
Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and other Literary Estimates. Harrison. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Golden Horseshoe. Bonsal (Editor). (Macmillan, \$1.25.)  
Anglo-Boer Conflict. Ireland. (Small, Maynard & Co., 75c.)  
Expansion of Egypt. White. (New Amsterdam Co., \$5.50.)  
Downfall of Spain. Wilson. (Little, Brown & Co., \$4.50.)  
High-ways and By-ways in Yorkshire. Norway. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)  
Prisoners of the Tower of London. Hunt. (Dutton, \$2.50.)  
From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
Life of Duchess of Teck. Cooke. (Scribner, \$7.50.)

### *Most Popular Novels.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, \$1.50.)  
Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

### BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### Public Library. ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK, *Librarian.*

Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Love Letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.00.)  
Reminiscences. McCarthy. (Harper, 2 vols., \$4.50.)  
South Africa of To-Day. Younghusband. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)  
Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Whipple. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

### *Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

### Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W. PLUMMER, *Librarian.*

The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)  
Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)  
Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Reminiscences. McCarthy. (Harper, 2 vols., \$4.50.)  
Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
New Humanism. Griggs. (Brentano, \$1.60.)  
Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

### *Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

### ALLEGHENY, PA.

### Carnegie Library. W. M. STEVENSON, *Librarian.*

Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)  
Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.50.)  
Year's Housekeeping in South America. Lady Broome. (Macmillan.)

- White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Perils in the Transvaal. Adams.  
 Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co., \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper \$2.50.)  
 Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, \$5.00.)  
 Life of Tennyson. Cary. (Putnam, \$3.75.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**ATLANTA, GA.****Carnegie Library.** ANNE WALLACE, *Librarian.*

- Dynamic Sociology. Ward.  
 In the Forbidden Land. Landor. (Harper, 2 vols., \$9.00.)  
 White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 England in the 19th Century. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Life and Letters of Sir John E. Millais. Millais. (Stokes, \$10.00.)  
 Influence of Sea Power on History. Mahan. (Little, Brown, 5 vols., \$18.00.)  
 How England Saved Europe. Fitchett. (Scribner, 4 vols., \$8.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, \$1.50.)

**BRIDGEPORT, CONN.****Public Library.** AGNES HILLS, *Librarian.*

- Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 The Workers (West). Wyckoff. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)  
 Treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hoeber. (Russell, \$1.50.)  
 Drama of Yesterday and To-day. Scott. (Macmillan, \$7.00.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Whipple. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**BUFFALO.****Public Library.** H. L. ELMENDORF, *Librarian.*

Mr. Elmendorf writes from Buffalo:

We are having remarkable success in the Buffalo Public Library in circulation for home use. Possibly the statistics for last month would be of interest.

*March, 1900.*

Number of books circulated for home use.....	108,432
Largest circulation in any one day.....	5,817
Daily average.....	4,016

- Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)

Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)  
 Stevenson's Letters. (Scribner, 2 vol., \$5.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**CHICAGO.****Public Library.** FREDERICK H. HILD, *Librarian.*

South African Books.  
 Mark Twain's Works.  
 Chas. C. Coffin's Works.  
 White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$2.00. each)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 In the Forbidden Land. Landor. (Harper, 2 vols., \$9.00.)  
 Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century, \$1.50.)  
 The Sunken Bell. Hauptmann. (Doubleday, \$1.00.)  
 Last of the Great Scouts. Wetmore. (Duluth Press, \$1.50.)  
 Bohemian Paris of To-day. Morrow and Cucuel. (Lippincott, \$3.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**CLEVELAND, OHIO****Public Library.** W. H. BRETT, *Librarian.*

Yangtse Valley and Beyond. Bishop. (Putnam, 2 vols., \$6.00.)  
 Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
 Fighting Fire. Hill. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Ten Years' Fight. Riis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
 Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Beyond the Rockies. Stoddard. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Pyramids and Progress. Ward. (Young, \$4.00.)  
 Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Whipple. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**JERSEY CITY, N. J.****Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Librarian.*

Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (American Publishing Co., \$2.75.)  
 Famous Actresses of the Day. Strang. (Page, \$1.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Studies in Psychical Research. Podmore. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
 In the Child's World. Pousson. (Bradley, \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 How England Saved Europe. Fitchett. (Scribner, 4 vols., \$8.00.)  
 South African Books.

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

**Public Library.** CARRIE W. WHITNEY, *Librarian.*

- Enchanted India. Karageorgevitch. (Harper, \$1.75.)
- White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
- Hawaiian America. Whitney. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- New Pacific. Bancroft. (Bancroft & Co., \$2.50.)
- Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Macmillan, \$7.50.)
- Prisoner of Khaleefa. Neufeld. (Putnam, \$4.00.)
- Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
- United Kingdom. Smith. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- Farthest North. Nansen. (Harper, 2 vols., \$1.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**Public Library.** HARRIET C. WADLEIGH, *Librarian.*

- Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)
- Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)
- Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
- Following the Equator. Twain. (American Pub. Co., \$3.50.)
- In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
- Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
- Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
- The Workers. Wyckoff. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**Mercantile Library.** JOHN EDMANDS, *Librarian.*

- The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)
- Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
- Divine Comedy (Longfellow's Trans.). (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50.)
- Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50.)
- Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)
- Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
- Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$4.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

**Free Public Library.** FRED'K M. CRUNDEN, *Librarian.*

- Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
- Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
- Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

- Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Browning's Poems.  
 Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. Fiske.  
 Century of Science. Fiske.  
 Shakespeare's Plays.  
 Stevenson Letters. { about equal.  
 Browning Letters.

*Most Popular Novel.*

To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**ST. PAUL, MINN.**

**Public Library.** HELEN J. McCAIN, *Librarian.*

- Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
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